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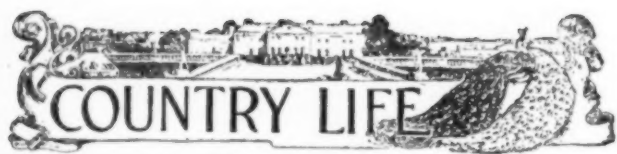
H. Barrett.

THE MARCHIONESS OF EXETER (on the left), AND MRS. FLEETWOOD HESKETH.

With the Marquess of Exeter's Hounds.

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Handwritten signature



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE ETHICS OF SPORT.

LORD SUFFIELD, in a passage from his "Memories" quoted in the course of a review which appears in our literary pages, makes a luminous comment upon the alleged devastation of crops by game. After giving one of the largest yearly bags made at Gunton, he says that if you take the total number of all sorts—pheasants, partridges, hares, rabbits and so on—and assume that as many were left on the land as were shot, the result is to give only two head to the acre. Two head of game on an acre of cultivated land would consume only an infinitesimal part of the produce. It might be answered, however, that the whole of the land is not open to injury. No one says that pastures, meadows and woodlands suffer from the depredations of game. Against that has to be set the equally strong contention that not all the creatures which go to fill a game bag pilfer their food from the farms. The partridge, for example, is not only innocent of stealing, but by universal consent is admitted to be a friend to the cultivator. The same may be said of nearly all winged game, with the exception of the pheasant, and if the pheasant is not fed in covert, there is no denying it will consume grain crops and injure others. But this is really the extent to which the farmer suffers by game preserving. In the case of ground game, the remedy is in his own hands. He might, if he wished, exterminate the hares, and after the passing of the late Sir William Harcourt's Ground Game Act it was

thought he would do this; but experience has shown that he does not care to do so. On the contrary, no sport has attained greater popularity among farmers of recent years than that of coursing. The numbers who take part in it cannot be gauged from those public meetings which are reported in the papers. The increasing custom is for farmers to return to an ancient fashion, and at meetings among themselves match one man's dog against another. This may be witnessed on very highly cultivated farms, and shows that good husbandry is not divorced from outdoor sport.

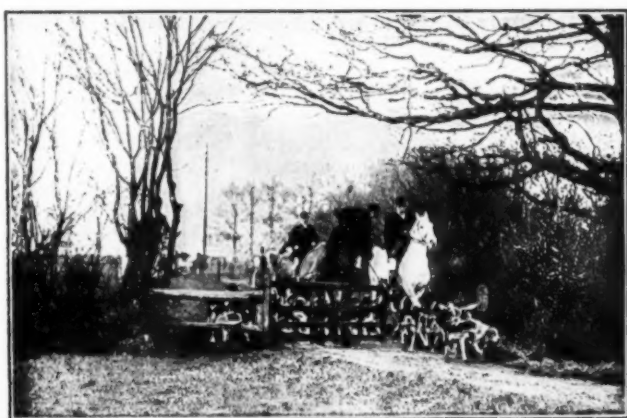
About the rabbit a very great deal of nonsense is talked and written by politicians. Sportsmen in these days would prefer to see their coverts completely cleared of these vermin. They do not care for rabbit shooting, and, if the rabbits increase, it is because the farmer does not kill them down as rigorously as he ought to. At one time he took to shooting them in a large way; but growing tired of this he is now in the habit of letting them to a professional rabbit catcher, who, by the by, is grumbling that this year he cannot make his wages. The trouble is that during the excessively mild weeks of this autumn, just as the plants have taken to grow, so the rabbit has been breeding, and in the middle of the month of November little quarter-grown rabbits may be seen popping in and out of the hedgerows. These are the plague of the professional rabbit catcher, because they can squeeze themselves into the narrowest holes and the undiscerning ferret is just as likely to lie up after getting the blood of a little one as of a big one. In consequence it has to be dug out, and the irate rabbit catcher, after using the spade, it may be, for half or three-quarters of an hour, finds his labour rewarded at the end only by an unsaleable, half-grown rabbit. As a rule, however, he, with his ferret and his nets and his dogs makes a very clean sweep of this type of ground game, which avoids extermination only by its extraordinary capacity for breeding.

When all is said and done, therefore, the question resolves itself into the treatment of the pheasant, and here we think sportsmen ought to consider game in its relation to crops. By far the largest majority of them do. Not one estate owner in twenty produces any friction. As a rule, the feeding of the birds, either wild or reared, is so managed as to prevent injury being done. But here and there a man with less consideration than the others, or, what is worse, a town syndicate with little knowledge of rural conditions, gets a whole class into disrepute by acting thoughtlessly and selfishly. The time has come when landowners in their own interests ought to take steps to discourage the keeping of pheasants in such a manner as to be a grievance to those engaged in the cultivation of the soil. It is quite true that disaffection has been exaggerated to an enormous degree. The rural population in general is keenly interested in sport, and the justification of sport lies in the universal enjoyment it gives. We quite agree with a recent writer in the *Times* who says it is bad argument to excuse shooting, on the ground that it gives employment to gamekeepers, beaters and so on. As against agriculture this argument will not hold, since it is the setting up of unproductive against productive labour. He who grows wheat adds to the wealth of the country. It cannot be said that the beaters do the like. The sound reply to the reproaches frequently levelled against pheasant shooting is that man is by instinct a hunter, and that no nation could afford to have its people divorced from what are called manly pursuits. At least, as long as human society remains what it is there is always a possibility of men having to fight for their lives and choose between killing or being killed. In the Millennium, when evil passions will be all wiped out, things may be different, but in the meantime we have to live in the world as it is. Therefore, the justification of sport is that it takes men who greatly need recreation into the open air and produces for them a healthy excitement otherwise unobtainable. As Carlyle said, "Let us clear our minds of cant." When that operation is performed, this is the only argument by which shooting can be justified.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE subjects of our frontispiece are the Marchioness of Exeter and Mrs. Fleetwood Hesketth. Lady Exeter is the only daughter of Lord Bolton and was married to Lord Exeter in 1901. Mrs. Fleetwood Hesketth, who is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Brocklebank, Bart., was married to Mr. Fleetwood Hesketth in 1900.

. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

WHAT we may call the piecemeal solution of the cottage difficulty is finding great favour. Several communications have been addressed to us to show that in a number of counties the action taken by Hertfordshire has been anticipated. We print one of these in our Correspondence columns. It relates to a rural parish in Hampshire. There is no need to recapitulate here the detailed story furnished by our correspondent, who, as we need hardly say, since internal evidence would prove it, is in a position to know the facts thoroughly. But one or two points deserve to be accentuated. One is the decision of the Local Government Board that the proper body to erect houses for the roadmen is the Highways Authority, in this case the Rural District Council. The importance of this will be obvious at a glance. The Rural District Council was not very keen about accepting the responsibility, and in all probability other district councils will be equally shy. The County Councils' responsibility for housing policemen has also been the subject of correspondence. Here is another important relief to the congested village, since it is clear that if new houses are put up for the roadmen and policemen, the dwellings they now inhabit will be free for the use of other villagers. A third point in this connection deserves to be emphasised. It is that the rate-payers are actually saving money by the new arrangement, since the rent which is being paid for cottages is greater than the interest on the capital required for building and forming a fund to get clear of the debt.

In Worcestershire, too, the system has been adopted, but here a small difficulty has arisen which might easily occur elsewhere. One of the men for whom a cottage was provided refused to live in it. The way out of this appears to be simple. It is to hire the men at so much a week and a cottage. Practically speaking, this is done already in many cases. For example, some of the railway companies are in the habit of paying a weekly wage plus a cottage; and the schoolhouse is reckoned a part of the teacher's salary. In these cases no friction arises. It has been pointed out, however, that the accommodation for teachers is not sufficient. The custom is to provide a house for the headmaster of the school; but there are male and female assistants who find it extremely difficult to obtain board and lodging in a crowded village. This argument was set forth to us by a correspondent, but we do not think there is much in it. The typical English village is not so large that assistants are needed, and, indeed, it has been a subject of concern for some time that the attendance at country schools is not nearly so large as it was a few years ago. The individual scholar comes perhaps even more regularly than he did before; but the shrinkage of population and the growing habit of refusing to have large families has had the inevitable effect of reducing the number of scholars attending the village school.

Thorough investigation should be made into the circumstances under which the Cheshire County Council is endeavouring to acquire land for the purpose of establishing a farm institute. Undoubtedly the latter may serve a very useful purpose in the rural economy, and there is no reason to criticise the Cheshire County Council for wishing to acquire land for the purpose. But from the newspaper reports it appears that they have chosen one of the best farms in the county for this purpose. It belongs to Mr. Henry Tollemache, and is farmed

by Mr. T. C. Goodwin, a skilled and famous agriculturist. When the Royal Show was held at Liverpool a few years ago he won the prize given by the Royal Agricultural Society for the best farm over 150 acres. Our objection is that a man of this kind should not be forcibly dispossessed, even if he is compensated for disturbance and for the improvements he has made on the farm. A man who has done such splendid work ought not to be lightly removed from the scene of his activity, and surely there is other land in the county which would serve the purpose equally well. Evidently the proposal is not very popular locally, as at a meeting of the Cheshire Education Committee the scheme was referred back for further consideration by fifteen votes to thirteen.

Lord Rothschild, speaking at Tring on Monday night, threw his great influence entirely in favour of our policy of avoiding the cheap cottage and building only such dwellings as would be seemly in appearance and durable in character. Speaking of the proposal to invest insurance money in the new cottages, he described the buildings which it is proposed to erect as "cottages which were not to cost more than £120, which would keep out neither wind nor water, and which would give no accommodation to those who lived in them." In this sentence the cheap cottage propagandum is given its deathblow. Lord Rothschild's denunciation of the hutch is but an additional proof, if any were needed, that the sense of the community recoils from the idea of housing the labouring population of the country in sheds that would not be adequate if intended for stabling.

THE GOWK*.

*(I see the Gowk an' the Gowk sees me
Beside a berry bush by the aipple-tree.)*

—Old Scots Rhyme.

Tib, my auntie's a deil to wark
Has me risin' afore the sun;
Aince her heid is abune her sark
Then the clash o' her tongue's begun!
Warslin', steerin' wi' hens an' swine,
Nocht kens she o' a freend o' mine—
But the Gowk that bides i' the woods o' Dun
He kens him fine!

Past the yaird an' ahint the stye,
O the aipples grow bonnilie!
Tib, my auntie, she canna' spy
Wha comes creepin' to kep wi' me.
Aye! she'd sort him, for, dod, she's fel!
Whisht now, Jimmie, an hide yersel!
An' the wise-like bird i' the aipple-tree
He winna' tell!

Aprile month, or the aipples flower,
Tib, my auntie, will rage an' ca';
Jimmie lad, she may rin an' glower
What care I? We'll be far awa'!
Let her seek me the leelang day,
Wha's to tell her the road we'll gae?
For the cannie gowk, tho' he kens it a',
He winna' say!

VIOLET JACOB.

* The Cuckoo.

It is apparent from the selection of letters which we publish in another part of the paper that our correspondent's suggestion that a collector of plants should be appointed for Wisley is very fully supported by the Fellows of the Royal Horticultural Society. We cannot say that there are no dissentient voices, but these are few and far between. The majority of those who have written warmly support the proposal. Probably the communication which will be read with most curiosity is the courteous and reasonable letter written by Mr. Wilks, the secretary of the society, as he is in a position to indicate the attitude of that body. We have to be thankful for the fact that Mr. Wilks is at least not hostile to the idea; only he says that the proposal "is only one out of an almost innumerable number of suggestions for spending money which are constantly being brought before the Council, and they find a real difficulty in discriminating as to their relative merits." With that position it is impossible not to sympathise, and everybody whose opinion is worth having will cordially endorse the statement that "the Council have, on the whole, done well in the past," and they feel confident that they will do so in the future. Our hope is that they may be helped to a prompt decision by the expressions of opinion which we are enabled to publish.

Those who are in favour of the change are well known as horticultural authorities. Sir Frank Crisp's world-wide reputation gives the greater weight to his opinion, and when we find that gardening authorities like the chairman of the Rose Society, Mr. W. R. Dykes, (the well known authority on irises), Lord Newport, Mr. Walter E. Collinge, Lady Ennismore, the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, Mr. J. H. Turner (the Agent-General for British Columbia), General Arthur Lyttelton-Annesley, Mr. G. S. Boulger, Lord Rosse and Mr. T. Bennett-Poe—to take names at random—are in support of the proposition, it must be admitted that a claim for a hearing, at least, has been established. A great number of our correspondents seem to be of the opinion that Wisley would be more suitably employed in experimenting upon new plants than in testing the merits of culinary peas and violas. It will be noticed, however, that our correspondents, almost without exception, attest to the very excellent work done at Wisley and by the Royal Horticultural Society generally. The proposal, in fact, is one advocated by those who are zealous only to enlarge the splendid sphere of usefulness already covered by it.

Ecclesiastics in these days are accustomed to tread gingerly over topics connected with sport, but we are glad to see that the Archbishop of York has spoken out very boldly on the subject. Archbishop Lang recognises that there is a considerable amount of false humanitarianism going about, and he is not at all inclined to follow its professors in condemning the fox hunt. On the contrary, much is to be said in favour of that time-honoured sport. Even the fox has a better time because of it, and the Archbishop makes the suggestion that Reynard derives a certain enjoyment even from the last incident in his life, when he, the chaser, becomes the chased. On the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number, the contention is carried, because there can be no doubt that horses, hounds and men are exhilarated and stimulated by a brush across country. Dr. Lang evidently is not like that well known dignitary of the Church of whom the story is told that, although a great hunter in his prime, he, being seized with new Evangelical principles, retired from the hunt, but every time the meet was in his neighbourhood, he climbed to the top of the old rectory tower which commanded the whole valley in which it took place; here he could watch the hunt at his ease. But surely he would have been as well, or even better, on horseback.

As far back as history goes the English and Scottish Borderland was a scene of contention, and our pages to-day bear testimony to the fact that the old rivalry is not quite extinguished, though it has assumed an inoffensive form. Before he died, the late Mr. Andrew Lang began a charming book on the Scottish Border, which was finished by his brother, but this volume had one defect from the English point of view. This was that the Border was treated as though its interests were purely Scottish. Now, in a letter which we venture to think is as charming as any chapter in the book itself, a writer who signs himself "Southern Borderer" sets out the fact that there are really many very beautiful scenes on the Southern side of the Tweed, and that they have strong and valiant associations connected with them. Mr. Andrew Lang was filled almost as much as Scott himself was with the glamour of the Tweed, and besides, he was a very ardent fisherman, so that we might almost apply to him what Laertes said on a famous occasion: "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia." "Southern Borderer," on the other hand, would have had more of the "ffra and foray" of the Border, more of the watch by hill and ford, more of the laws of the Marches and how they were broken. His imagination is more struck by the real Borderland of history than by its modern literary creation.

The other day a correspondent, whose letter we did not publish, wrote suggesting that the keeping of stoats might become a profitable occupation. He said that they change into ermine in winter, and that the value of each skin would be very large. Our correspondent was wrong in so far as his remarks were meant to apply to the stoat in the Southern Counties of England. He turns white when exposed to the low temperature of the Northern hills; but it is very rare indeed for a stoat to turn white south of the Humber. The occurrence is not so rare as to be wonderful, but we are afraid the fur farmer who depended on his stoats turning into ermine in an English winter would have but a poor return. How the adaptation to winter changes goes on may be very profitably studied in the Zoological Gardens at the present moment. There the animals are, in anticipation of cold, developing the thick fur of their winter coats, and are, accordingly, looking their sleekest and best. Bears, baboons, mandrills and all the other

animals whose life is spent mostly in the open air are now exhibiting this change in progress.

We hope most earnestly, as indeed must all who realise the importance of rifle-shooting as a training for war, that the appointment of Colonel Sir Edward Ward, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., the Permanent Under Secretary of State for War and Secretary to the War Office, to the vacancy on the Council of the National Rifle Association, caused by the death of Sir Ralph Knox, may lead to a satisfactory settlement of the differences between that body and the Army Council, which have become more or less acute of late years. The appointment will give confidence to many when Sir Edward Ward's splendid work in connection with the Officers' Training Corps is called to mind. The increase in range and efficiency which must follow the arming of our forces with an up to date rifle will make accurate shooting in all ranks, whether regular or Territorial, more important in the future than even in the past; and while there have been grave differences in opinion between the National Rifle Association and the Army Council as to the best way of encouraging and developing good marksmanship, both must desire that rifle-shooting as a sport should make the widest possible appeal to Englishmen in times of peace because of its enormous value in national defence.

INITIATION.

Who fain would see that orchard
Must tread a narrow way,
And bend beneath low-swinging boughs,
As he did pray.

Who looks upon the orchard
May look for half a year,
And see but sun, and feel but rain,
But bird-song hear.

Who dreams within that orchard,
For love of it and dream,
Shall sudden catch the deathless song,
The fadeless gleam.

Not all, not all of sunlight
The ripples on the grass,
And more than vagrant wind the sound
Of Feet that pass. . . .

Who fain would see that orchard
Must tread a narrow way,
And bend beneath low-swinging boughs,
As he did pray. V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Time was when the Tweed had something of a reputation for its big salmon, but we had rather begun to believe that that time was past. It is evident, however, that we shall have to revise that verdict if the Border river gives the angler many such fish as that fifty-seven pounder which has been caught in it lately. It rose to fly, too. We have not been told of the sport that it gave its captor, although, as a matter of fact, it is not often that fish of exceptional size, for the river in which they are caught, do give the best of sport. As a rule they seem to be rather overgrown monsters and to have less than the energy of the fish of a more normal weight. In another of the very few rivers open for fishing they are said to be catching salmon too—the Cornish Camel.

Very little sympathy will be felt with the firm which has earned the distinction of being the first to be penalised under the Advertisement Regulation Act. They had put up a hoarding of the enormous dimensions of roof, in length and rift, 6in. high. If this did not disfigure the landscape, there must have been very little landscape to disfigure; and, indeed, that was their line of defence, as the solicitor acting for them quoted Milton and the dictionaries till he had to be told by the judge that he could rely on their understanding what the meaning of the word landscape was. In the end a fine of forty shillings with thirteen shillings costs was inflicted. The amount matters little, but the assertion of the principle must have a salutary effect. We do not want our lovely pieces of country disfigured with hoardings 33yds. long and nearly twice the height of a man.

What becomes of all the big sea-trout which we know frequent the coasts of East Anglia and other shores of our islands in the late summer and autumn of the year? We are disposed to ask this when we see the splendid fish which are brought in by the net fishermen. Presumably they must go up some of our rivers to spawn, but we do not hear of them being caught there. No doubt the very large sea-trout are

particularly difficult to catch with a lure in our rivers. Some large ones of their kind are known to go up the very little river which goes out into the Beaulieu estuary in Hampshire, and they are extremely shy. The small size of the water, of course, makes it more difficult for the angler to come within casting distance of them without being seen. But what a joyful prospect is suggested to the fisherman by the idea of discovering some river as yet unknown to fame up which the big East Coast sea-trout run to spawn.

The Paviland Cave was Professor Sollas' subject for the annual Huxley Memorial Lecture of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and naturally suggested a tribute to that singular genius, Frank Buckland, who discovered the "Red Lady"—the ancient skeleton painted with red ochre—in that cave.

One who was associated as a fellow fish commissioner with the late Frank Buckland has told the present writer many pleasant and characteristic stories of him. He was regardless of appearances, and travelled with exceedingly little luggage, most of his belongings being carried in the voluminous pockets of a loose overcoat. Thence, when they arrived to stay at a country house the strangest collection of things would be produced—fish, alevins, ova, the food, both animal and vegetable, of fishes, other and various specimens of natural history, some alive, some not only dead, but longer dead than was quite sanitary. All these, mingling with such small necessities of travel as the domestic tooth-brush, must have caused very severe shocks to some of the footmen who had the task of valeting the naturalist at the different houses where the commissioners were entertained.

THE TALBOT HUGHES COLLECTION OF COSTUMES.

MESSRS. HARRODS' GIFT TO THE NATION.

OWING to the generosity of the Directors of Harrods' Stores, London has been enriched by a gift to the Victoria and Albert Museum of the well known Talbot Hughes collection of costumes. It was in urgent peril of crossing the Atlantic when this great company promptly and generously stepped in and acquired it for the nation. The Talbot Hughes collection, fine as it is in detail, is even more important from its completeness as a pageant of English dress from the early eighteenth to the late nineteenth century, from Queen Anne to Queen Victoria, from Hogarth to Frith. For though among the two thousand pieces that make up this collection among the one hundred and fifty complete costumes there are examples of an earlier date, its peculiar richness lies within the last two centuries, for which it forms a very perfect sequence, a history of costume teaching by examples. Among the earlier pieces is a white linen child's embroidered dress of the reign of James I. (which, though not part of the Talbot Hughes Collection, is included in the gift to South Kensington) and a well preserved boy's and page's jacket of the late seventeenth century. It is of twilled linen, embroidered in crewels with scrolls and sprigs of flowers, such as roses and love-in-a-mist, and it has a low collar and piping along the skirts of tomato-coloured velvet. It is possible that this was part of the usually fantastic outfit of some negro page, for "black boys" were already in fashion at this date, though they are not generally associated with Georgian England. Part of a woman's dress, also of the late seventeenth century, is a low-necked, black velvet jacket, with its skirt cut up in tabs, and long sleeves bell shaped at the wrist. This dates from about 1680-90. One of the finest complete dresses is of the reign of Anne. Here the white satin forepart or undergown is quilted in a bold floral pattern, the dress itself of brocade, with which is worn an embroidered stomacher. It is a curious feature of many of these early gowns that hooks and eyes, buttons and button-holes are conspicuously absent, and when the gown was not laced it was apparently pinned on to the stomacher and the stout stays of the period. The original drawn-work ruffles are

still edging the elbow-length sleeves, and over the skirt is tied a short white silk apron embroidered in silver thread.

The period between 1770 and 1775 is marked by the eccentric headdress and peculiar cut of the clothes of the Macaronis—



B. Park.

JACKET OF FRENCH BROCADE, 1780-1795.

Copyright.

that last really absurd outburst of dandyism; but the men's clothes that Mr. Talbot Hughes has gathered together, though of this and a little later date, have no trace of extravagance. One of the finest is a pale green satin coat, with the cuffs and waistcoat of pale pink. As usual in these satin and velvet coats worn at balls and at Court, the cuffs, collar, buttons and pocket-flaps are delicately embroidered in the French style. A second embroidered man's suit of this period, which is complete, is of ribbed pale blue silk, and is embroidered in the same style. Even velvet was embroidered, as in the case of the claret-coloured velvet coat of about 1770, where the cuffs, collar and pocket-flaps are enriched with pure embroidered and small applied flowers, also of velvet. A third suit of interesting character and cut, with striped waistcoat, is a little later in date (1780-95). Unusual survivals are the buff-coloured linen hunt coat of the late eighteenth century, with a green velvet collar embroidered with a fox and the "Bobbery Hunt," and a post-boy's livery of the days of the fourth George. The changes in women's dress are even more completely recorded, and can be watched as they vary decade by decade, if not more rapidly. A satirist cannot always be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but a writer in the *Universal Examiner* for 1754 tells us that:

The dress in the year fifty-three that was worn
Is laid in the grave and new fashions are born.

Actually, however, the changes are not so sudden. The feature of the eighteenth century is the hoop, as the crinoline is of



B. Park. CRINOLINE DRESS OF EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, 1855-1865. Copyright.

the Victorian period. About 1709 ladies' dresses began to expand, and, according to a critic, "nothing can be imagined more unnatural or less agreeable. When a slender woman stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide, she resembles a funnel, a figure of no elegance." But in spite of all reason these waifs from the eighteenth century world have a distinct charm in their unnatural contours. Among the dresses of the middle and late eighteenth century in the collection there are plain dresses, such as one of brown silk (1750-70) worn over a quilted petticoat, and richer varieties, such as the plum-coloured shot and flowered brocade dress with a sacque back of the same date, or the beautiful gowns of Spitalfields silk of the mid-eighteenth century. Most of these dresses were found still in their original condition, but the very well preserved dress of white brocade, striped with pink and ornamented with roses, was purchased in pieces and replaced by Mr. Talbot Hughes in its original pressings. This dates from 1775-85. Though the majority of the costumes are of English make, there are some of foreign origin, such as the bodice and skirt of the latter part of the reign of Louis XVI., where the bodice, of striped brocade, has a basque at the back and is trimmed with the original gold galon both on the basque and sleeves. Riding suits were necessarily free of the domination of the hoop, and one of the most charming suits is a green cloth coat of the



B. Park. PRINTED COTTON FROCK AND EMBROIDERED FICHU, 1800-1810. Copyright.

late eighteenth century, cut in the masculine style, with velvet collar and brass buttons, and the silk-embroidered waistcoat laced at the back. The hoop, though it frequently changed



B. Park. DRESS OF CHARMING PROPORTION IN FRENCH BROCADE, 1775-1785. Copyright.

its lines, was persistent through the eighteenth century, until its sudden subsidence about the time of the French Revolution, when it vanished like a pricked bubble. A periodical at the time, in its "fashionable information for ladies in the country," suggests ironically that the new fashion is "the most easy and graceful imaginable; for it is simply this, the petticoat is tied round the neck and the arms put through the pocket-holes." The richly patterned and stout silks and brocades of the expanded dresses gave way to gauzes, light silks and muslins, so numerous as to leave the impression that the English climate has suffered change. In the last year of the eighteenth century, indeed, a Russian officer offered a lady of fashion a penny in Bond Street under the impression that a person so lightly clad must be a pauper. Of the new fashions when the hoop was discarded there are many examples, such as the short, high-waisted gowns of watered gauze and embroidered muslin (1816-25); the blue coat, fastened with gilt buttons, which was worn over a shot skirt of yellow silk dating from about 1800. There is a more substantial appearance about the gowns from 1820 to 1830, which are frequently trimmed with an interesting enrichment of interlaced silk or satin, as we see it in the spencer and cape of fawn-coloured silk (1818-28). Skirts grew full again and the waist returned, and then followed a new period of expansion in women's dress, familiar in Frith's crowded canvases and the pages of *Punch*, which is now an historic gallery of costume. The crinoline skirt, in all its changing shapes, is the outstanding feature of Victorian fashion, but this was not a modern apparition, for before its long reign skirts had become wider and stiffer. There are two very amusing costumes in the collection dating from the middle years of the nineteenth century, at a time when the crinoline had assumed a funnel shape, one having an embroidered coat over a flounced skirt of silk gauze, while the other is a three-flounced ball dress of pink silk with an overdress of flowered gauze. The outline typical of 1868-78 is shown in the very well preserved afternoon dress of olive-coloured ribbed silk worn over a pale pink.

Quite apart from the interest of the costumes, the materials of which they are made are worthy of study, for many of the eighteenth century French and English silks and brocades are fresh and fine in colour after the passage of more than a century, for the weavers used the best and purest silk, so that their fabrics have outlasted their fashion; and as if the richness of the ground was not enough, it is trimmed with gold galon and fine needlework. The costume of a lady who advertised her losses in 1712 reads like a garden of colour with her "green silk knit waistcoat, with gold and silver flowers all over it, and about fourteen yards of gold and silver thick lace on it; and a petticoat of rich strong flowered satin, red and white, all in great flowers and leaves, with scarlet flowers with black specks brocaded in, raised high, like velvet or shag."

Besides the costumes proper there is a fine miscellany of trifles that Horace Walpole would have sought for for Strawberry Hill, more for their historic attraction than their intrinsic value, such as Hogarth's dressing gown and the actor Kemble's sandals, and also numberless adjuncts of costume, such as parasols, bead purses and reticules, embroidered aprons, scarves, turban squares and a calash of black silk, which was worn resting on the shoulders and covering the high-dressed, powdered hair in the late eighteenth century. There are several muffs, which were worn quite as much for adornment as utility;

witness the small, narrow muff of white satin of 1775, embroidered, having a spaniel painted on an oval medallion in the centre of the front.

Mr. Talbot Hughes' remarkable collection of shoes is also to be included in the gift to South Kensington, and is especially interesting as including, among other early specimens, the only known perfect example of a shoe of the fourteenth or early fifteenth century, which was found lodged above the rafter of a house, and one of those tragic relics of the plague—a shoe of the first half of the seventeenth century found in the plague-pits at Moorfields, when there was no time to strip the corpse before its hurried burial. Among later relics are the blue satin



B. Park. A SUIT, INTERESTING IN CHARACTER AND CUT, 1778-1795. Copyright.

shoes of Queen Adelaide, worked with the Royal crown on the front, and those of Queen Victoria in her early reign, which are of cream leather painted with her crowned monogram in a design of the rose, shamrock and thistle.

This collection (the collection will be on view at Messrs. Harrods' from November 24th before its transference to the museum) is no small gift, and it is due to the public-spirited action of Messrs. Harrods that it has been preserved for England, and that the collection of historic costumes at the Victoria and Albert Museum has been rendered unique and unapproachable.

IN THE GARDEN.

WISLEY'S NEED OF A COLLECTOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thank you for directing my attention to the letter on Wisley which you published in your truly delightful paper, but I think you will agree that it would ill become a servant of the Council (as I am) to express his opinion of their action—or lack of it—in the public Press. As far as the Society is concerned, therefore, I must content myself with facts, and I can inform the writer that if he had questioned the person whom he refers to as "I am told" he would also have been told that the council have within the last three months appointed a committee who are at the present moment drawing up a report on what they consider to be the most desirable reforms and improvements at Wisley. Your correspondent's proposal for a collector is only one out of an almost innumerable number of suggestions for spending money which are constantly being brought before the council, and they find a real difficulty in discriminating as to their relative merits; but as your correspondent, towards the close of his letter, seems to admit that the council have, on the whole, done well in the past, so I have no doubt they will continue to do in the future, even if they should consider any other proposals to deserve priority of that suggested by him. In suggesting that the trial of such things "as green peas and potatoes . . . is work that might be equally well done by any nurseryman," your correspondent shows clearly that he has no idea of the *raison d'être* of these trials of new (or so-called new) varieties of such things, or he would appreciate at once that a nurseryman is the very last person to whom the trial of all the so styled novelties of other nurserymen could be entrusted. This is by no means to say that nurserymen are untrustworthy—I have the greatest respect for them—it is only to say they are human beings with like passions with ourselves. I am glad to find your correspondent considers the aim of the council that "every detail should teach something" to be "admirable." I am grateful to him for pointing out errors of labelling even though he does in public what might equally well have been done in a note to the superintendent. He himself, I know, makes a very great point of the correctness of the names of all the plants in his nursery, but I would point out to him that if seeds are sent to the Society under a certain name the superintendent is bound to grow them under that provisional name until they have flowered and been proved to be something else. The superintendent would, I feel sure, be most grateful to your correspondent if he would assist him at any time in arriving—not at "the last name but one," but—at the correct name for any plant he considers wrongly labelled at Wisley. But with regard to his proposal of "the last name but one," personally I would far rather stick to the good old wrong name known to all nursery men and to our fathers before us until such time as we can adopt the positively right name so as to have but one change instead of an altogether confusing and confused series of three, four or even more changes. When botanists shall have really settled on the names to be given to plants we gardeners are ready to adopt their decision, but the experience of recent years has taught us that if we too hastily accept the *ipse dixit* of even scientific botanists we may very possibly have to alter again in the course of a few years, and sometimes even alter back again after that. And that is the reason why we still speak of weigelas, tritomas, azaleas, Wellingtonias, salsiburias, amaryllis and such like. We are not ignorant yokels but, considering the experience of the past, we think it good policy to hasten but slowly.—W. WILKS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I cordially agree with your correspondent as to the Royal Horticultural Society assisting in collecting plants. They could not spend money more usefully, and they would, in doing so, be carrying out one of the most practical objects of such a society. Kew has not the funds to spare for such a purpose, and at one time the Royal Horticultural Society could not, of course, have thought of it; but now some of the superfluity of wealth can be well spent upon a collector.—FRANK CRISP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think your correspondent's suggestion is a very timely and useful one and might well receive the careful consideration of the Royal Horticultural Society.—NEWPORT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think that both from a strictly scientific and a horticultural standpoint the suggestion is one which deserves, and will no doubt receive, the Council's careful consideration.—WALTER E. COLLINGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read your correspondent's letter on the subject of "Wisley's Need of a Collector," and I am in general agreement with the views expressed so far as the suggestion which he makes that it would be a fitting use of the funds of the Royal Horticultural Society to send out a collector for the purposes stated. But I do not think it at all likely that 1,000, or, indeed, any large number of the Fellows would be found to subscribe one guinea per annum for the purpose. The reason for this opinion is that a very considerable section of the Fellows believe that the Royal Horticultural Society has ample funds for the purpose stated. Already there is a huge reserve, after all reasonable provision for the financial future of the Society has been made, including a sinking fund to provide for the distant expiration of the lease; and this reserve is being yearly augmented by a very considerable sum. Many of us are asking for what purpose is this huge reserve being created, and there would arise a very general opinion that if a collector is to be sent out the Royal Horticultural Society can well afford to undertake the cost of it without a general "whip-up." In my opinion the really scientific and original work done by the Society is quite inadequate to its position in the horticultural world.—CHARLES E. SHEA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is, indeed, high time that the Royal Horticultural Society made some real use of its resources and opportunities. To be quite frank, I am not sure that the time has yet come when the Royal Horticultural Society could profitably employ a collector or, perhaps, I should say,

rather that there are other things that seem more pressing than the appointment of such an official. Your correspondent is certainly right when he says that garden labels at Wisley—and even, he it added, at Kew—often "teach things which were better untaught." It is only when one has gone fairly deeply into the question of the nomenclature of any group of plants that one begins to realise how haphazard are the names under which many plants appear in catalogues and in our gardens, and how much painstaking, and often tedious, work is necessary to unravel some of the tangles in which the names of plants have become involved. It is, perhaps, worth considering—and the matter has already, I believe some months ago, been brought to the notice of the council of the Royal Horticultural Society—whether it would not conduce to the progress of horticulture if the Society would appoint an official or officials, whose duty it would be to see that plants exhibited either at Wisley or at shows held by the Society should appear under the name which was first given to them. Such an official would have to be something of a botanist as well as a keen gardener, and it would be his aim to form a link between the scientific work of the herbarium and the practical work in the garden. He would be prepared to take up and work out to the best of his ability any question of nomenclature that might be brought to his notice by the Society and would, at the same time, attack systematically the difficulties presented by the various families of garden plants. He would soon get into touch with those from whom he would be most likely to get help in dealing with different genera, and his herbarium work would show what desirable species have already been discovered and yet not brought into cultivation and also where such plants could be found. If such an official were appointed, he would endeavour to bring into cultivation at Wisley the wild species which underlie our garden hybrids and varieties and, if he received that support from the Fellows which we cannot doubt that he would obtain, it is not improbable that he would be able to obtain seeds or plants from the original habitats of the different species. Once it were known that the Royal Horticultural Society was forming such a collection of wild types help would be forthcoming from botanic gardens, botanists, travellers and residents all the world over. This, at any rate, has been my experience in dealing with one group of plants, and I cannot imagine that help, which was so freely given to an unknown individual, would be withheld from a great society which would be in a position to render great services in return. From time to time it would doubtless be found that in certain localities there were desirable plants that could not be obtained by this means, and the Society might then decide to send a collector to those regions in search of the plants in question. Such expeditions would doubtless also bring yet other species to light and might add fresh treasures to our gardens. Does it not seem better then that the Royal Horticultural Society should use its opportunities and resources in work that lies close at hand and try to introduce some sort of order into the chaos of plants which we grow already, or which have at any rate, been described and named, before it sets out on a vague search for new plants which may or may not exist? The ideal scheme would be, of course, to have a whole army of nomenclators and collectors, but as a beginning does it not seem more reasonable in these days of easy communication, when even Tashkent has its nurseryman, to begin at home and discover by systematic work here what plants we desire to obtain and then see whether they cannot be obtained, as I believe will generally be the case, through the channels indicated above?—W. R. DYKES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I beg to say that I thoroughly approve of the suggestion that the Royal Horticultural Society might usefully employ a collector of rare plants for experimental cultivation at Wisley. I quite realise that such a collector might prove of great service to the Society, and that it would be quite possible for him to supply very interesting collections of new plants.—J. H. TURNER, Agent-General for British Columbia.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Our gardens have been enriched at various periods during the last four centuries through collectors sent out by private individuals, by Royalty, by groups of subscribers, by nurserymen, and by the Royal Horticultural Society. Undoubtedly there are still, however, many beautiful or interesting species of plants, even in Europe, and, of course, an infinitely greater number further afield, which would be distinct acquisitions to our gardens, or, in other cases, interesting to the botanist, if not showy enough for the gardener. And it is, I think, most important that we should hand on to those that come after us the wild beauties and amenities not only of our own but also of other lands as uninjured as possible. While there may be a real danger that this will most certainly not be done if numerous irresponsible collectors are scattered broadcast over the globe with none but commercial objects, it would, I consider, be much for the benefit of horticulture if skilled collectors, sent out by a great institution, like the Royal Horticultural Society, were to select plants suitable for cultivation from places and in quantities which would lead to no danger of extermination; and if the society, by cultivating them and distributing them to its Fellows, were then to prevent further drain on the wild plants. There is plenty of room at Wisley, on the new rock garden and elsewhere, without interfering with any of the experimental work now in progress; and the society is now, I should imagine, at least as capable of sending out, not one but several collectors, as it was when it did so in former times.—G. S. BOULGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I certainly agree that the Royal Horticultural Society, now it has so much money in hand, might do more for gardening, and that a collector might be sent to China or the Andes to search for hardy plants.—ROSSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have no hesitation in saying that the Royal Horticultural Society is now in a position financially to send out a collector, and would do well to undertake the matter. Curiously enough, it is a subject I have brought under the notice of Fellows lately, and discussed the matter, advocating the undertaking though I have not laid it before the council, on which I had the honour of a seat for ten years until I resigned.—I. T. BENNETT-POE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I quite agree with your correspondent that such a society as ours should undoubtedly have its own collector; in fact, if expense is any deterrent, I think we could have saved money, with decided artistic advantage, by having a very much smaller rock garden at Wisley and one more in proportion with its surroundings, which money, with the special subscriptions which, I have no doubt, most of the Fellows would be glad to make, would have enabled us to devote a sum to this most necessary object.—JESSIE GROSVENOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is much in the letter of your correspondent that appeals to me. For some time I have felt that the splendid work being done by the Royal Horticultural Society might well be augmented by wider research; but, of course, this cannot be done without considerably increased expenditure, even if the society curtailed the laboratory work at Wisley. I have always understood that the Society has ever been too glad to obtain the co-operation of its Fellows, and will willingly consider propositions conducive to its welfare and the enlargement of its working powers. I think with your correspondent, that the magnificent rock garden now installed at Wisley should be more a dépôt for the Society's own collection of rare Alpine plants rather than a dumping ground for insignificant contributions from small gardens. Unfortunately, circumstances have prevented my visiting Wisley since the new garden was made, so I am not a judge of its merits or demerits. The idea of having a private collector or collectors for the Royal Horticultural Society requires very serious thought, as it is, I believe, a very costly business, and I do not think it would be wise to increase the subscription in any way. A society like this should be kept within the reach of all, and its greatest merit is that the smallest cottage gardener has as many advantages as the millionaire with his hundred floral acres. In conclusion, I should like to record how much I personally owe to the Royal Horticultural Society—their generous return for such a moderate subscription, their beautiful fortnightly shows, their interesting lectures and gifts of journals and plants and, last but not least, the never failing courtesy of their secretary, whose ready and helpful answers to the most trivial questions is a lesson in itself.—AUGUSTA DE LACY LACY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I may say that it appears to me to be, as usual, a question of £ s. d., and if the cost would be approximately £1,000 a year, as your correspondent suggests, I am afraid it would be very difficult to raise that amount annually. Many of us Fellows are very grateful to the Society for teaching us how to cultivate the plants already known, and I should personally be sorry if any part of the present income of the Society were diverted from that purpose for the sake of collecting new varieties, a task which, as your correspondent points out, is already very effectively carried out by the great nurserymen.—MARGARET BICKERSTETH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The suggestion, if acted upon, would, I think, be of considerable use to the Society.—ED. W. DOUGLAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The letter of No. 3986 exactly represents my own views. I have always disliked the use of Wisley for testing vegetables, and florists' flowers. That would have been most distasteful to Mr. G. F. Wilson and Sir T. Hanbury, and can be well left to the nurserymen, who would do the work well, perhaps better than the Royal Horticultural Society. How good the advice is can be proved by the action of the old Royal Horticultural Society, which sent out Douglas in the twenties of last century as a collector to North-West America. I do not know how long he remained there, but the results were splendid, the many things he sent home are still among the best ornaments of our gardens.—HENRY L. EDWARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I really do not think that with so much private enterprise it is necessary for the Royal Horticultural Society to have a special agent. The letter says that "there is scarcely a nurseryman of repute who does not send someone to Spain, Italy, or China," and surely the result of the enquiries of this army of explorers finds its way to Wisley and eventually to the public generally.—ARTHUR LYTTLETON-ANNESLEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

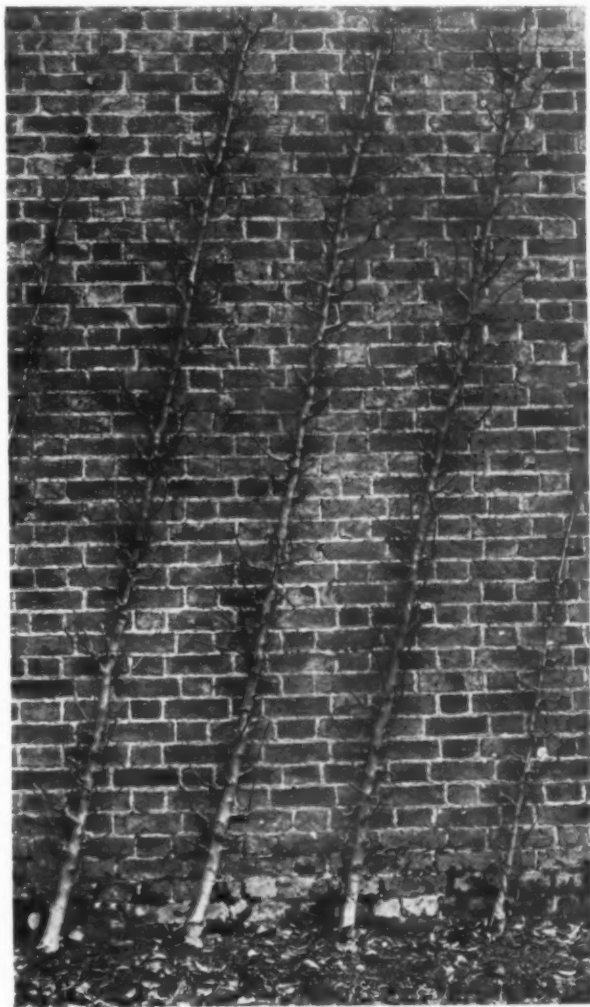
SIR,—I agree that the Royal Horticultural Society would do well to appoint an official collector of plants if it can see its way to do so. The rock garden at Wisley, having cost the Society a considerable sum, should not depend upon gifts of the members for its plants, which at present are woefully inadequate.—FRANK GALSORTHY.

CORDON FRUIT TREES.

AS this is the best time of the year for planting fruit trees, attention may usefully be drawn to the small single, double or triple stemmed trees listed by nurserymen as cordons. In a number of gardens throughout the country the value of these has been recognised for some considerable time, and in recent years they have, in a few instances, been cultivated on a large scale for commercial purposes. Where dessert Apples or Pears of the highest quality are desired, these cordon trees are particularly valuable, because, owing to the fact that light and air have free access to every part of the tree, and that the cultivator can always have it under perfect control, the fruits are developed to perfection. Another advantage is that cordon trees commence to fruit as soon as established in their permanent positions, and, if properly tended, continue to give crops for ten, fifteen, twenty or even more years. Then, again, a great many can be grown in a comparatively small space, and their cultural

requirements are of the simplest character. Although Plums and Sweet Cherries are sometimes grown as cordons, they are not so well adapted for the purpose as Apples and Pears, as they resent the severe pruning that is necessary to keep the trees within proper bounds and in a fruitful condition.

In the first illustration some single-stemmed cordons are shown trained to a wall, but except in the case of choice dessert Pears, such as Doyenné du Comice, which needs some protection from cold winds, they are equally well, or even better, adapted for training to wires or rough wooden trellis beside the kitchen garden paths, or, better still, set a few feet away from the path so as to leave a border for flowers, the fruit trees forming a sort of dividing line between the vegetables on the inside and the flower border on the outer. Where this is done, however, only flowers of dwarf stature must be grown, otherwise they would prevent the full proportion of light and air reaching the trees, without which fruit of the best quality cannot be expected. What a single tree is capable of bearing when



SINGLE-STEMMED CORDON PEARS.

grown on a rough trellis is well portrayed in the second illustration. This shows a portion of a tree of Apple Allington Pippin, a dessert variety useful for growing in this way. Naturally, a crop of such bounteous proportions cannot always be expected; but, owing to the fact that cordons can be more easily cleaned and protected when necessary, a fair crop nearly every year may confidently be looked for. In addition to the upright single-stemmed cordons shown in the first illustration, nurserymen stock some with two, three or four erect stems; but the single kinds are most useful. They can be planted eighteen inches apart, and should slope at an angle of about forty-five degrees, as this enables the cultivator to obtain a longer main stem, consequently more fruit, than if planted in an erect position. Where possible, the trees ought to slope from south to north. For training on horizontal wires a foot or eighteen inches from the ground, special forms of cordon trees, known as horizontals, can be obtained. Usually these have two stems, emanating at right angles from the main one at a foot or rather more from the base. These are very useful for planting close beside pathways in the garden, where the trees are easily tended and the fruit protected from birds with very little trouble.

All cordon trees are, or ought to be, grafted or budded on stocks that have a dwarfing effect on the scion or fruiting portion, as not only does this promote fruitfulness at an early age, but checks, to a great extent, the vigorous growth that most Apples and Pears would otherwise make. As both kinds bear their fruits on short, stunted side growths, known to gardeners as fruit spurs, it is the formation and retaining of these in good condition that the cultivator must aim at. For this reason summer pruning is particularly desirable with cordon trees. This is a very simple operation, and in one market establishment that I know it is done very largely by women. It consists of cutting all side growths back to within four buds of their bases, and should be done about the second week in July. If cut earlier, the buds left would, in all probability, burst into new growth, and even when the work is delayed until the time stated, this sometimes occurs. In such cases the trees must be gone over again and the secondary growths pinched or cut



APPLE ALLINGTON PIPPIN.
Grown as a cordon on rustic trellis.

back close. At the winter pruning the portion of each shoot left during the summer is cut back to within one or two buds of the point whence it emanated. As practically all kinds of dessert Apples and Pears are suitable for growing as cordons, there is no necessity to give a list here. Gooseberries and Red and White Currants may also be successfully grown as single-stemmed cordons, their treatment as regards pruning being precisely as advised for Apples and Pears. In a good many gardens they are grown in this way on walls or fences facing north, where the fruits mature late, and where they can be easily netted and so protected from birds. These smaller fruits can also be grown on wires or rustic trellis by the side of pathways, or, indeed, anywhere that a thin screen would be useful. It must be remembered, however, that most Gooseberries are very spiny, and for that reason their growths must not be allowed to extend over the path.

CLEMATISES AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

Although these plants provide us with some of the most beautiful climbers that are hardy in this country, their cultivation does not seem to be well understood. It is true that in some gardens Clematises will, when once planted, romp away in a delightful, free-and-easy manner, and give but little trouble to their owners, but in others any amount of coaxing will not induce them to do more than eke out a miserable existence. Even when they are established, their management appears to be but little understood, and for this reason we propose to draw attention to a few of the more salient points in their cultivation.

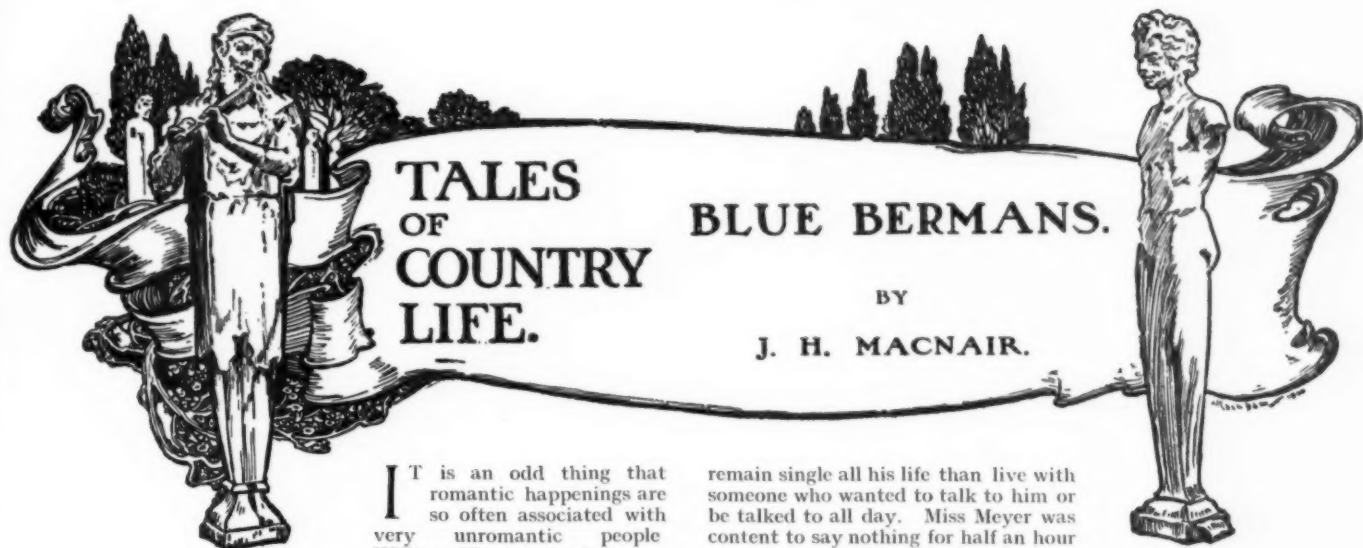
Naturally, the soil in which they are to grow must be the first consideration, and here a lesson may be taken from the wild Clematis, or Traveller's Joy of our hedgerows, a plant that is largely used as a stock on which to graft the many beautiful garden varieties that are in existence. This wild Clematis is usually found growing in the banks of hedgerows where thorough drainage is assured, and where its roots are shaded during the hot days of summer from the direct rays of the sun. The character of the soil in such positions may, and frequently does, vary considerably, but almost invariably it will be found to contain a fairly large percentage of lime. This, then, may reasonably lead us to suppose that the Clematises of our gardens require soil that is exceptionally well drained, and which also contains a fair proportion of lime, a supposition that is borne out in practice. It does not seem to matter much what the bulk of the soil is, providing it is not excessively poor or abnormal in some other way, so long as it is deeply worked, well drained and contains a sufficiency of lime. A good form in which to add this substance is as old mortar; a peck or two well mixed with the soil for each plant will not be too much.

Planting, again, is another serious cultural detail, as on its successful completion success will largely depend. I have no doubt that one of the chief reasons for these plants dying off suddenly after they have apparently become established and are growing away freely is too deep planting, and possibly grafting instead of layering being the method of propagation. The roots should be carefully spread out, and ought not to be covered with more than two inches of soil, even less being sufficient where that of a clay texture exists. The season for planting may be autumn or spring, but I prefer the latter, the end of February or early March being a good time. Growth at that season is about to commence and the plants soon make themselves at home in the new soil. The positions in which Clematises are planted will, of course, depend largely on individual tastes, but if against a south wall, some provision for shading the soil over the roots during very hot weather should be made. A low-growing annual, such as Mignonette or Alyssum maritimum, may be sown over the roots for this purpose without fear of injuring the climbers. But Clematises look far better when allowed to scramble naturally over rustic poles or fences, or even over old evergreens or deciduous trees.

Probably the least understood phase in the cultivation of Clematises is their pruning. In the majority of gardens they are allowed to follow their own sweet will, and this certainly is preferable to cutting them in a haphazard way and without full knowledge of their flowering period. Roughly, our garden Clematises may be divided into five sections, and if we know to which section a plant belongs, its pruning will be a simple matter. In the florid section, *i.e.*, varieties that have originated from the Japanese Clematis floridus, we get white, blue and rose-purple flowers, that open in May and June, Belle of Woking being a notable example. The flowers of this set are borne on wood that was formed the previous year, hence it will be readily seen that to cut away growth in autumn or spring would mean the destruction of many embryo flowers. Any thinning out of old wood that is necessary may be done immediately after flowering without any danger of cutting away incipient buds. Similar treatment should be given to those which have originated from *C. patens*, a native of China and Japan. These also flower in June, Fair Rosamond being a well-known member of this set.

When we come to the large-flowered varieties of *C. lanuginosa*, which flower from July onwards well into the autumn, we find they are produced mostly on young shoots, and the proper method of pruning these is to cut back fairly close all side shoots in February; a few of the main stems may also be cut to within a foot or two of the soil if desired; this will induce young shoots to spring up from the base and so hide the bare stems that are rather characteristic of these large flowered Clematises, of which Lord Neville and Louis van Houtte are examples. The Jackmannii varieties need similar treatment; but such early flowering species as montana and its variety rubra only need an occasional thinning of the old wood after flowering.

F. W. H.



IT is an odd thing that romantic happenings are so often associated with very unromantic people. William Higgins, for instance, was quite unsuited to be the

hero of a melodrama, and yet that was the part Fate selected for him to play. He was a farmer's son, healthy and pleasant-looking, but not handsome; sensible and shrewd, but not clever; and rather stolid and slow of speech. He was also very successful at shows, especially with potatoes; and finally, he was in love with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, remarkable only for her pretty face and her leaning towards landscape painting. They were both said to be "good-hearted" young people, which usually conveys a suggestion of unexcitingness. Imagination would have pictured with tolerable certainty just such a prosperous and outwardly monotonous existence for them as had been led by the father and mother of William Higgins on the one hand, or the father and mother of Rosie Barrow on the other. And that is just where imagination would have been entirely wrong. The Vicar's wild son also courted Miss Barrow, with what intentions no one knows. But he and young Higgins came to blows over it one morning, and were with difficulty separated by the landlord of the Sussex Ram. And the next morning the Vicar's son was found dead in Coppleton Wood with just such a wound on his head as William's stick might have inflicted. And William could account for his whereabouts that night no better than by saying that he had walked the country to cool down his temper instead of going home to bed. He had been seen going into the woods: he was tried, convicted and sent to penal servitude. And before a year was over, a tramp had confessed to the murder and cleared the young farmer completely. Had he chosen to return home, he would have been welcomed with enthusiasm. But he was burning with the slow, bitter resentment of a placid nature, and swore he would never set foot in Asseton again. He went out to South Africa, staked a lucky claim in the diamond mines in Wandera, and in ten years he was a very rich man.

Behold him now; still only thirty years old, healthy but not quite so pleasant looking, his common-sense and shrewdness sharpened to a hard point of selfishness, more stolid and slow of speech than ever, and with no special sign of good-heartedness. Behold him, I say, returned to visit England he scarcely knew why. He did not love England, and he hated everything that might remind him of Asseton. His resentment had never died down, first, against Rosie, who had shrunk from him as a murderer and who was probably long ago married to one of her numerous admirers; secondly, against his father, who had cursed him for a disgrace to his family; and thirdly, against his mother, who had begged him with tears to confess his crime and repent. He would never forgive them for their disbelief in his innocence, he swore, and their letters had been destroyed unopened. He was secretly proud and pleased to find that he could think of them all without a twinge of tenderness or affection. He hated the country or anything that reminded him of his village life. Wild horses would not have dragged him to a horticultural show; and though he ate them in large quantities every day, he had a special dislike to speaking of potatoes, and would have cut anyone dead who had ever mentioned the name of the strain for whose cultivation he had been famous. Luckily, potatoes were not a familiar subject in the circles where he now moved. But, take him all round, he was a distinctly less interesting person than he had been before his adventures began—harder, more selfish, more stolid.

He came to London first-class now and stayed at the Savoy. He had plenty of South African acquaintances, also visiting the metropolis, upon whom he could fall back if he wanted company. Through his business connections also a good many houses were open to him, and he began to think seriously of taking a wife—a good-looking, showy wife with sound, useful qualities for running a large house and social attractions for making him an important figure. On the whole his fancy inclined to a Miss Mabel Meyer, of German extraction and English education. He admired her because she was slim and small boned, the antithesis of himself and his people, with small, regular features and hair exquisitely done. He liked the smartness with which she was turned out and the business acumen which lurked below her languid manner. And above all he valued her lack of conversation. He would rather

remain single all his life than live with someone who wanted to talk to him or be talked to all day. Miss Meyer was content to say nothing for half an hour at a time. Mr. Higgins was content to say nothing most of the day.

He appraised her highly, but, being cautious, he decided to see something of her before laying himself at her feet. Every expedition had confirmed him in the wisdom of his choice. He hated the country from reasons of association. She disliked it quite naturally. He had not been trained to care for pictures or music. She had been so trained, but remained quite indifferent to both. In consequence, they came away from concerts at the interval, and had tea peacefully together. She appeared at the Opera exquisitely cloaked and gowned at the end of the first act. And yet she appeared to know the right thing to say about everything. At picture galleries she had a genius for spotting the pictures one ought to have seen, and then, relapsing into a comfortable seat, to pass half an hour before going away. In fact, Miss Mabel Meyer, though better to look at and finer in make than Mr. William Higgins, was, if anything, less interesting than he. There was not a ghost of emotion in their meetings, and once out of her sight, he could forget her completely till he wanted to think of her again.

They went, of course, to the Academy. Miss Meyer led him to the problem picture of the year, which was called "Found Out," and represented a startled lady springing from a divan, a startled man covering some papers on a table, and another startled man coming in at the door.

"What do you suppose they are all doing?" said Miss Meyer.

Mr. Higgins conscientiously studied the picture for ten minutes or so. "I am sure I don't know," he said at last.

They strolled on to the portrait of the year, an unpleasant dame in an armchair with a more unpleasant dog in her lap.

"They say the painting of the dress is wonderful," said Miss Meyer. Mr. Higgins began at the very low neck and went carefully down to the end of the very long train. "I daresay," was his cautious response.

Miss Meyer did not notice landscapes as a rule, and Mr. Higgins preferred not to see them. They had come early and meant to leave a quarter of an hour after the fashionable crush began. That combined the maximum of comfort with the necessary amount of admiration for Miss Meyer's toilette. Mr. Higgins appreciated the lady's management. She was dressed in a great many shades of blue, draped behind and slashed in front, and very effective altogether. When their time was nearly up, Mr. Higgins embarked on a compliment.

"Very pretty dress, if you don't mind my saying so."

"I'm glad you like it."

But even as he admired it, an accident happened. At the Academy you are not required to give up your umbrella or stick or parasol unless you like. And many people cling to their belongings, either to save themselves the trouble of handing them in at the office, or the expense of the tip to the attendant. Among these was a very fat lady with a billowy chiffon parasol; and, as she ploughed her way determinedly to the front, one of the prongs of the parasol caught in Miss Meyer's lace panel and tore a great strip down the side, while, unconscious of the damage, the fat lady charged on.

Miss Meyer looked down in dismay, but not in anger. She had not exactly a good temper, but rather no temper at all of any kind.

"You've torn your dress," commented Mr. Higgins, helpfully.

"So I see," said Miss Meyer, quite without sarcasm. "I shall have to go to the cloak-room to get it mended. Will you mind waiting for me here?"

"I shall wait for you precisely here," replied her cavalier, and when she was gone he plumped down upon a seat just behind the spot where the disaster had occurred. He did not in the least mind waiting. He had decided to give up this afternoon to Miss Meyer, so he was not wasting time. As far as pleasure went, he did not mind if she was beside him or in the cloak-room mending her dress. He only hoped no acquaintance would sit down beside him and force him to talk. As the unpleasant possibility occurred to him, he fixed his eyes determinedly on the pictures near the ceiling, which he could see over the heads of the crowds, so that he might not meet any wandering gaze. And so doing, he began

unconsciously to take in a medium sized picture, high up, and exactly opposite him.

Memory stirred before his mind was aware. It was a confused grouping of people around a table on which dark, shapeless objects were laid in orderly heaps with a white label on each. Something in the shape of the roof and the rounding of the window behind seemed first to fit into a compartment of his brain. Then his gaze wandered on the table and the heaps upon it; and wandering, clung. His thoughts were still astray, but his sub-conscious memory was at work. It touched all the old feelers and drew his attention to each heap in turn. It ended with the largest and most prominent heap in the centre of the painting, and held there, drawing the threads of association closer and closer till suddenly he awoke to full consciousness of what he was looking at, and heard his own voice saying aloud in excited tones: "Blue Bermans! My own Blue Bermans!"

His voice rang out so that half the people near turned to look where it came from. But his stolidity came to his aid here, for looking on his wooden face no one but those at his side credited him with the exclamation. Those who heard either assumed he was talking in his sleep or had addressed someone on the other side. The momentary interest died away and the groups moved on. But Mr. Higgins sat immovably fixed, his eyes fastened to the picture, as if in a trance. He was long-sighted at any time, but surely he would have known that centre heap half a mile away. He had planted them, he had dug them, he had washed and polished them for show; he had sold seed to every envious potato-grower in the district, and none had succeeded with them as he had. He had exhibited them year after year, and every year he had carried off the first prize for potatoes. They were Higgins' famous strain of Blue Bermans, celebrated through the countryside! He knew the exact shade of blue in the thin skin that gave them their name. It seemed to him he knew the shape of every one and could feel it with his fingers. That ticket, now. The name was illegible, but the marking, "First Prize," was distinct. Of course it was first prize! When had Blue Bermans failed to carry off the highest award? He noted the number of the picture—809—and feverishly turned over the pages of the catalogue, though he knew quite well what he would find there: 809, "Flower and Fruit Show at Asseton." But he was not prepared for the artist's name, and a shock and shiver went through him as he read "Rose Barrow." And before his eyes were at the end of the line, the deliberate forgetting of years was swept away on a full tide of reminiscence.

"Rose Barrow!" Of course, Rose used to paint, and prettily enough, too. He had been interested in her painting, little as he cared for pictures. He had promised her that when they were married she should have proper lessons. Apparently she had got them without him. Apparently, also, she was still unmarried. Why? She had had plenty of suitors besides himself and the Vicar's son, as a pretty girl with a substantial dowry is sure to have. Apparently (for the third time) she had not forsaken Asseton in spite of her art. Why, again? Then his eyes fled back to the picture with a new zest, and dived further than the table in the front and the roof and window at the back. For the first time he searched the group that crowded round it. That was the judge, no doubt, holding up one of the famous Blue Bermans, but it was a new judge since his day. It had always been Mr. Morton of Stony

Keep. This was a man he had never seen. But who was the old man leaning over his shoulder? And who, oh! who, was the small, bowed figure crowned by the gay bonnet? Surely he should know them if anyone should! But he realised suddenly how long were the eleven years that had passed since he left. His parents had been middle-aged then, hale and hearty. They were old people now. The faces were not clear, but the hair under the gay bonnet was unmistakably grey, and his father's shoulders had a stoop he did not remember. He realised, more sharply still, how short, how very short was the time since he went away; not much further off than last week. The time in between had nearly crumbled away into a dream.

His eyes went back to the potatoes. "They were better shaped in my day," he said to himself. Then he turned once more to the old people, and he forgot the man who had cursed him, and the woman who had urged him to confess a crime he had never committed, and remembered instead a quiet, uneventful, happy youth, a stolid, affectionate, silent father, a gentle and pious, if narrow-minded, mother. And, lastly, his eyes sought the catalogue again and the artist's name; and he forgot the girl who had shrunk from him as a murderer, and remembered only an earlier Rosie in a pink cotton frock in the morning and a white robe on Sundays, with a skin like cream and round, blue eyes like wet forget-me-nots. Once more he looked at the potatoes. "They were a better colour in my day," he muttered to himself, "and bigger."

He rose up, put the catalogue in his pocket and strode to the door. Outside he jumped into a taxi, and bade the man drive to Charing Cross. And there he sought out the next train for Asseton, found a slow one ready to start, and sat in it as it stopped at innumerable stations with an absolutely inexpressive face and a motionless body. Inside, his mind was unusually busy. He was calculating how much he ought to pay his manager at the Diamond Mine in Wandera to make it worth his while to be quite honest while his owner remained in England. For he now saw that he should only return there on occasional visits. He had occupation awaiting him at home. He called it "home" for the first time to himself. There were an old man and woman who must be prevented from growing old too soon. There was a woman who had once been a girl in a pink frock. What she was like now he dared not say; but at least she was unmarried, and she had expended her skill in painting his mother and father and his prize potatoes. And, lastly, there were these same potatoes to be brought back to their old standard of shape and size and colour. A diamond was an uninteresting product of the earth compared to them.

When he stepped out of the train at Asseton, something of the old "pleasant" look that men associate with a good heart had come back into his face. For the moment he had forgotten his bitterness and his riches in South Africa, and his Miss Meyer in the cloak-room at the Academy, standing still while the attendant mended her dress.

What about Miss Meyer, anyway? He did not feel in the least alarmed lest his defection should break her heart, for her heart, like her temper, was non-existent. She had receded into the far recesses of his mind. She was a nothing, a fable, a myth. She had never really been. There remained as realities the farm, the old people and Rosie Barrow, not to mention Blue Bermans. Mr. Higgins meant to have another shot at growing Blue Bermans.

THE SENSIBLE HOLIDAY.

AT twenty minutes past two of a winter's afternoon, Charing Cross Station is the scene of a noteworthy occurrence—the departure of the boat train. Three out of every four of the passengers are *en route* for the Alps. To say that they are leaving England to escape the cold (which was what the old Riviera flight used to mean) is misleading; for they are off to a climate whose temperature is far lower than we ever experience here. They are leaving England not so much to escape the cold as to find it. It is commonplace now; but scarcely more than a decade ago it was necessary to explain to all stay-at-homes that a Swiss thermometer registering several degrees of frost at noon did not stand for the sufferings that would be expected, faced by the same portent, in England. Returned Engadiners could only carry conviction by their sunburn—which was undeniable, and which no mere Mediterranean yachting-cruise or month in Algiers could have produced. The good news was all the more miraculous because at that period the winter visitor to Switzerland was generally an invalid—a "lunger." But he who had departed with cheeks the hue of putty came back tanned like a jack-tar, telling strange tales of snow and sunshine, of skating-rinks dotted with parasols, of picnics at zero in the shade and overcoats doffed because of the heat on the inn verandah. The wanderer's memento-album of snapshots, too, was irresistible. Photography—his sort of photography anyhow—cannot lie. The blinding glare on the drifts, the pin-sharp peaks against the cloudless sky, the summery-clad loungers overlooking the toboggan-run, the orchestra playing to promenaders while snow capped the bandstand—these pictures were proof positive. The Alpine resorts were no dreary grey prison-places for failing

consumptives. They were playgrounds for the healthful and the strenuous.

Thus—slowly at first and afterwards with extraordinary swiftness—the so-called Alpine craze has arisen. But, indeed, to designate it a craze is to do it real injustice. That the Swiss winter holiday has become fashionable even with fashionable people is not to be denied; but those who knew the Engadine and the Oberland ten or fifteen years ago will gladly admit that their present fashionableness, if it has raised local prices a trifle, has brought many advantages to every sojourner.

The sensible holiday, as the Alpine winter trip may fitly be labelled, has developed features which add enormously to its easiness. Now that many thousands of people, instead of a few hundreds, wish to travel from London to Helvetia between December and March, the train service can naturally be made quicker and more attractive, the *de luxe* expresses, so far from being taken off at the end of the autumn, may actually be augmented; all kinds of convenient through connections have been devised, and dining-car and *wagon-lit* accommodation has been keyed up to a much higher level. The leisured and well-to-do class who now form the bulk of the pilgrims to toboggan-run and ski-ing slope are worth catering for and are accustomed to combine to insist on the supplying of their requirements. They are of the clubbable fraternity; the University folk, the sportsmen, the Service people—and their ladies and children. Hence the foundation of that characteristically British institution, the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club.

If the Alpine exodus be a sensible thing, the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club is certainly one of its most sensible outgrowths. For while the Riviera dilettante, the seeker for artificial stimulus



G. R. Ballance.

BOBSLEIGH RACING AT ST. MORITZ.

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by the green cloth or for idle dreamings in Italian art galleries, may naturally prefer to be non-social in his roamings, the winter Alpinist depends a good deal on his fellows for his comfort and for his amusements. At the beginning of the "boom" the Swiss hotel-keeper had not, in the American phrase, been "put wise" as to the probable demands of the Englishman; his guests had to provide not merely their own skates and toboggans, but also the skating-rinks and toboggan-runs. The Swiss host was an excellent fellow; he was willing to

oblige; but his vocabulary lacked the adjective "sporting" and also the noun "club." Arriving at the hotel, the newcomer was forced to learn the ways of the place, perhaps even through the thickets of a foreign language which, with all the goodwill in the world, he had neither the time nor the ability to master. He had to buy a toboggan which would be useless to him for most of the year; he had to risk breaking his neck on ski because it was nobody's business to teach him ski-ing; he had to transport those monstrosities, his curling-stones, from



G. R. Ballance.

THE UPHILL FINISH OF THE CRESTA RUN

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Scotland to Central Europe because no curling-stones were obtainable on the spot. All this for, maybe, a three weeks' sojourn. A week was often wasted in the mere preliminaries of getting ready.

An institution like the club alters all that. It hires hotels, leaving the tradition of the admirable Swiss management, but installing English representatives to guide the social ebb and flow on the spot. The club member, driving up to the door of his hotel after the twenty hours' journey from Charing Cross, enters a familiar and welcoming atmosphere. The lounge, instead of being full of frigid and staring strangers, presents many well known faces: those of fellow-members known at home or met in Switzerland in previous winters. The club official is present to decide any uncertainties; the club store of toboggans and ski is open for hiring purposes—there is no need, now, to buy these impedimenta outright. At the rink-side the club shed contains its own private curling-stones and brooms and crampits; the club icemen keep the ice in impeccable order; the club instructors teach skating and ski-ing to novices. Everything is ready; it is literally the case, as the showman would have us believe when so often there are no grounds for his optimism, that "there is no waiting." The enthusiast could step from his train on to the rink, sure not simply that he will find friends, but that he will neither lose his suite at the hotel nor that his baggage, labelled with the club device and already ticketed with his room's number before he left England, will go astray through his neglect. The whole scheme is intensely English in the best sense; and sport in Switzerland has benefited incalculably by its operations, whether at the club's own resorts or elsewhere. The attention given, for instance, to skating-rinks is now almost unbelievable to anyone who recollects the comparatively slipshod plans of fifteen years ago. We were proud of our ice, at that period, proud of the mighty floodings which gave it a new quarter-inch skin every morning. But that skin used to be wrinkled, often, by premature freezing, or turned into porridge by an untimely fluster of snow; it chipped, too, when the cold was abnormally severe, and was mushy in a thaw. The specialist—paid by such bodies as the club—has set himself to study ice-culture; he has learned why ice which is formed by fine films of spray thaws so much less readily than ice formed of a solid sheet of liquid; he has discovered the reasons for chipping and rotting and wrinkling, and how to avoid porridge. The old method of flooding the ice by diverting water from a stream or hydrant, and flowing it on to the rink in a pool, is now as out of date as the supposition that skating is only to be had on a pond or lake. Rinks, at the best resorts, are no longer flooded. They are sprayed. It sounds a trifling difference, but the alteration which it has brought about is almost indescribable. To begin with, the spraying can be done even when snow is threatening. The finely divided dust of water, falling on the level pavement of the rink, freezes the moment it touches the ice. For a fraction of a second the glisten of wetness is observable, reflecting the forms of the icemen who manipulate the hose; then, as though breathed upon, the glimmer grows dull, the reflection vanishes, and the spray, in an infinitesimal veneer, has become part and parcel of the rink—ice: ice so thin that it cannot chip, ice so bound up with the layers below it that it cannot mush and wrinkle, ice so instantaneously formed that there is no risk of a snowfall descending upon it and spoiling it before it has solidified. At the great Davos rink, at one time the Mecca of skaters, the old flooding system, when it was carried out under suitable conditions, produced delightful surfaces; but often it was disastrous. The entire rink might be water-covered, snow unexpectedly fell, and sport was ruined for a week. Flooding could only be ventured upon when the sky was cloudless; and if the frost were too keen the inundation might be astonishingly uneven. At resorts where the rinks are sprayed, not flooded, this spraying is done two and three times during the night; it can be done between dinner-time and the opening of a fancy-dress carnival on the ice at nine, and no hint of softness is detected beneath the skimming skate-blade. All night long the club's ice-master is watching the weather conditions, tapping barometer and thermometer, ready to switch on the rink arc-lamps and order out the hose-gang to spray an already almost flawless surface into a lacquer of even greater perfection for his clients of the morrow. "Nursing the ice" is a real craft to-day; and it has grown into a craft because it is appreciated and adequately rewarded. The latter proviso is palpably the result of intelligent co-operation on the part of those who are fastidious connoisseurs of the sport on the one hand, and ready, on the other, to combine to pay for what, without the power which combination produces, would be prohibitively expensive.

The same principle applies in general to the other organised sports. The toboggan-run at several of the pleasure resorts is hardly inferior to the celebrated Cresta at St. Moritz, and is looked after with almost the same loving care as the rink.

Curling is catered for and matches fixed, both for beginners and experts. Ski-ing is taught, ski-jumps are built, and mountain excursions are arranged and guided. Indoors there are the customary amusements: dances, theatricals and the like. To him who has no taste for bridge or the ballroom these gaieties are not compulsory—any more than they would be at home. He can retreat to his apartment's balcony, and there, seated in the windless silence of the Alpine night, can contemplate a spectacle of singular impressiveness. The valley is a dim patchwork of ebony and pallor beneath the moon: dark pine forests and faintly gleaming snowfields. Against the deep sky a delicate chain of peaks is outlined, like opal clouds suspended in the darkness. Here and there a speck of yellow glow marks the lamplit window of a chalet; and, immediately under the hotel, the brilliant white arcs are fizzing on the skating-rink. Beneath the arcs half-a-dozen silhouette figures move slowly hither and thither, trailing a snake of hose. From its nozzle a splendid curve shoots skyward, turns, and descends in a mist of drops upon the marble-like area below. The icemen are at work while, to the tune of a waltz which rises remotely to the listener, their patrons dance into the small hours. It is a queer and rather incongruous little phenomenon of civilisation, this outbreak of gaiety and the service of gaiety in these grim fastnesses. There are some who would have it that the spirit of the mountains is affronted by the levity of our invasion. But that is a needlessly serious, even a priggish, view to take. Vast tracts of the land remain solitary and untouched: a mile from the hotel, and the wanderer is almost overwhelmingly alone with Nature. The "spoiling" of Switzerland will not occur in the lifetime of any tourist now living. Probably it will never occur at all. Meanwhile, those of us who happen to have little time to spare in winter, and would cram a great deal of health and happiness into it, may be grateful for the facilities which "sensible" methods have created for the "sensible" holiday.

WARD MUIR.

WOMEN IN THE ALPS.

THERE are no winter sports for men only. Anything that a man can do in the Alps a woman or girl can do also, within the limits of her strength. The position of the woman who finds herself in one of the popular Swiss resorts for the first time is therefore a little bewildering, for it is certain that she will never find opportunity during a single holiday to go in for every sport



Will Cadby.

A PRACTICAL COSTUME.

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systematically. A week will probably be spent in trying each in turn; but when she has finished experimenting it will still be difficult to narrow down her choice and decide in what direction to specialise. The true joy of the sportsman or sportswoman lies, of course, in being able to do one thing really well and, if any progress towards perfection is to be made, the beginner must select his, or her, particular "line" and stick to it. The wise beginner, however, will allow herself a second choice (as the drapers' catalogues say) by way of relaxation. The first choice will demand practice, self-denial, concentration. The second is for play-time, and should be something requiring not too much skill. Unless one happens to be already an accomplished skater, ski-runner or—by a more remote chance—lady curler, it will be impossible to choose one's special sport before leaving home. One must be content to arrive with an open mind. And fortunately, as far as material preparations are concerned, it matters very little whether we come fitted out for rink-sports or snow-sports. Every woman who possesses skates will bring them; everyone knows that short skirts, woollen jerseys and sweaters, knitted caps and warm gloves are universally worn. Those who do not come equipped with snow-boots for walking on the ice can buy them at any village *Winter Sport Bazar*. The only exceptional garment that may be needed is a proper ski-ing skirt, and as we are all converted, in theory at any rate, to the art of ski-running (even those who are never able to try it for themselves are able to perceive its amazing possibilities), it is as well to arrive prepared to join its army of devotees.

Various home firms have produced a ready-made ski-ing skirt which serves all ordinary purposes quite well. But the woman who wants to look truly business-like will have one built, under the supervision of a friend who knows something of the practical difficulties of ski-ing. If it is to be worn indoors as well as on the mountains, it should be made with a wide overflap to button down the front or to one side. The tailor must see to it that this flap can be swiftly unfastened and the sides of the skirt looped back to give free play to the legs. In climbing, and more especially in turning, the ski-er must be able to take her fullest stride without risk of being pulled up by her attire.

If no overwhelming desire to do the same thing all day and every day has taken possession of her at the end of a week, the novice's wisest course is to stick to the sport at which she promises to be most successful. A hardened Anglo-Switzer would probably advise her thus: "Don't waste time in learning to skate if you have not much natural poise. Don't go in for curling unless you have a fairly straight eye for distances. Don't expect to become a genuine ski-runner until you have acquired muscle, endurance and plenty of nerve."

Many women imagine that a Swiss winter holiday is only for the ultra-strong, and those who are not so avoid it in consequence. As a matter of fact, skill is a much more important factor in Alpine sport than strength. The feat of hurling a thirty-five-pound granite curling stone from one end of the rink to the other—at first sight an impossibility to timid onlookers—is entirely an affair of "knowing how." The swing is made by the body, not by the arm alone. Once that is grasped the difficulty vanishes. But many curling tyros never grasp it, and others who watch them painfully heaving their stones into the air, and then down to the ice with a thud, turn away in consequence without having made one attempt themselves. In skating there is no fatigue involved when proper balance has been gained. Tobogganning certainly necessitates walking uphill, but the pace may be as easy as one pleases, and it must be remembered that the walk down again is exchanged for one swift, glorious swoop from the hill-top back to the hotel door. Ski-ing, it must be admitted, takes a certain amount of hard muscular effort; but even there the knowledge of how to use one's formidable pair of shoes halves the bodily strain.

Tobogganning—not the serious head-first tobogganning, whose votaries may be seen flashing over the polished surface of the Cresta any day from January to March—but ordinary feet-foremost *lugeing*; on a simple Swiss-pattern toboggan, is an excellent auxiliary sport, one which provides plenty of thrills without too many strenuous hours previously spent in practising. Bob-sleighting is not for the beginner, unless she be lucky enough to be given a middle seat on the "bob" of an expert steersman with an equally expert brakesman behind. Then she may indeed taste the ecstasies of gliding at its finest. Sleighting is for frail or elderly visitors (not that mere elderliness, without the frailness, is a bar to the more active pursuits), and these may console themselves for their own inability to frolic by providing a "tailing" expedition for the adventurous spirits who are always ready to fasten their sleds to the back of a sleigh and swing to and fro in its wake. Those who are thoroughly at home on skates will be likely



Will Cadby.

THE KICK TURN.

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to choose bandy (ice-hockey) as an afternoon amusement, following on a morning of more serious work. And afternoon curling is a favourite way for the energetic lady ski-er to take her rest. It might be mentioned that this gives rise to a good deal of resentment among keen curlers. Old hands are notoriously good-natured in teaching their game to novices, but they cannot be expected to forego their own play for the sake of beginners who are not in earnest. If one has only enough enthusiasm for curling to play when there is nothing else doing, it is kinder to keep off the rink altogether, except as a spectator.

But to return to our newly-arrived visitor. Suppose she has spent her morning conscientiously circling round an orange on flawless ice—with an occasional five minutes on a bench in the sun—and her afternoon careering childishly down the steep path from her village to the gorge below (whence a convenient funiculaire has conveyed her and her *luge* up the mountain-side again in time for tea), she will still want to snatch pleasure from the time that is left before another day slips through her fingers and lands her twenty-four hours closer to England. No one who loves Switzerland misses the solitary walk immediately before sunset, when the softened snow is beginning to grow crisp and crackly once more and the sharp air sends the blood tingling through the body. We may take it that she makes for the nearest view-point some time between five and six, watches breathlessly for the rapid change from gold to fiery red of the afterglow, and stands motionless for a while in the coming twilight absorbing the strength and calm of the vast, brooding, unchanging mountains. The hotel is reached in comfortable time to dress for dinner, but the notice board in the hall advertises a skating carnival for the evening, and the news sends her flying to her room; for the chief delight of a fancy dress night is to be in the lounge early enough to watch the shamefaced descent of one's fellow Turks and Pierrettes and Queen Elizabeths, most of them showing all the signs of true British embarrassment at having been caught dressing up. An hour among the illuminations on the rink, a second hour in the dancing salon, a final bed-time chat with other late revellers, and the day comes to an end. The next will be as full in its turn, yet each crowded moment seems to bring fresh vitality with it. The woman who has left England tired and jaded is not likely to keep to her resolution to spend her holiday quietly and sensibly. But the incessant activity has probably proved more restful in the end than a regulation

cure on a balcony. The care-free atmosphere of the Alps will do more for overstrung feminine nerves than the isolation and so-called freedom from worry prescribed by the doctor at home.

And it is hardly necessary to add that if the weary first-year guest does not wish to become a sportswoman, no one will try to compel her to do so.

D. L. M.

LEARNING TO SKI.

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

IT is greatly to the advantage of ski-ing that you can get an immense amount of enjoyment from it without being an expert. There is more pure fun in learning how to ski than in any other form of sport I know. The slopes where first you practised remain in the memory longer than many a subsequent tour, for the big tours become a composite picture after a time, so that even the photographs you took are impossible to "place." But that first slope is never forgotten. There you fell backwards, forwards, sideways; there you wallowed, struggled, kicked; and there, often enough, you simply stuck, jammed like a jigsaw puzzle, staring with sheer amazement into parts of your anatomy you had never seen before, feeling disentanglement of legs and arms a sheer impossibility. To be believed, these contortions must be seen. "You'll go like the wind in a day or two," said the man who imagined he was helping me, the first time I stood on ski. Then

they carried me, above the tree-line, into unknown silent valleys, over ridges innumerable, into what always seemed absolutely undiscovered country; they did not break when I fell; they took the snow grandly, waxed or unwaxed; and I regarded them as cheap and glorious invitations into Fairyland. But in all this I was supremely lucky. Cheap they certainly were, but in all other respects I should regard them now as worthless, even dangerous. Reasonably good ski may, of course, be hired at a *Bazaar de la Poste* as well as at a recognised *Sports-Artikel Bureau* in Geneva, but the chances are against it. "It's a marvel they didn't break the first time you put them on," the expert told me afterwards; "you must have had a lot of unnecessary falls with them." It is nice to have one's clumsiness explained in this way; but his remarks were valuable as well. For he showed me how the grain must never run off the ski, but flow straight down its entire length, because where



Will Cadby.

A WRONG POSITION DURING THE JUMP.

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wind goes backwards, was my silent rejoinder. There was no breath to speak. And the truth is, no one can help much. Beyond giving a general idea of how to stand, how to place the feet, and how to hold the guiding sticks, verbal advice is of comparatively small assistance. Example counts, of course; and to observe a clever runner is an inspiration in itself. For the rest, a few days' practice on a friendly slope near home, followed by half-day trips to give variety of steepness, angle, kinds of different snow, seems invariably the quickest way to learn.

* The first winter I went to Switzerland, skating and tobogganning were the enjoyments I chiefly had in view; but I thought I might just as well ski a bit too. With others it may be different, but before a month was gone the skating-rink saw me no more. Grinding round and round a circumscribed space with the eye always upon a bilious-looking orange somehow lost its attractiveness, and tobogganning was only worth considering when the condition of snow upon the open heights made ski-ing quite impossible. That upper world of dazzling white, in windless sunshine and beneath a cloudless sky, once tasted, becomes irresistible.

I followed the routine like most others. I went to the *Bazaar de la Poste* and hired a villainous pair of ski at 20fr. for the season. I thought them perfect, the fastenings admirable, the length and weight and curve just right, and I used them almost daily for three months. Hundreds of miles

the grain runs off indicates a probable breaking place; and he told me to choose the hard American hickory when possible, and to use fastenings that make it quite easy to kneel without hurting toes or ankles. "It's a wonder to me," he added, looking at the fastenings that had given me many a painful wrench when falling, "that your toes are not all broken long ago."

Nowadays, in a Swiss winter hotel, there is always someone who will guide the novice in his selection and steer him away from needless danger; and it is unnecessary here to enter into endless detail on these very important points. There are books galore which indulge in this till the reader sinks exhausted and feels the art of ski-ing is entirely beyond him. Having got your instruments and having practised near home sufficiently to be able to balance with a reasonable speed and steepness, able to turn a little too, in case a horrid tree rushes suddenly towards you (as a tree invariably does), it is time to pack a knapsack with chicken and oranges, chocolate, and peppermint lozenges for the inevitable thirst—and start at dawn for a rousing trip among the lonely heights. You carry your big waterproof gauntlets for the descent, and you take an extra pair of warm woollen gloves for the freezing ridges; also a paper waistcoat or Shetland vest, or anything you can muster that you *hope* will keep the wind out. Nothing really keeps the wind out, but the paper vests are best, weighing a few ounces and taking up no room, but costing—some eighteen francs at

that. Dawn, of course, is nice and late—somewhere about eight o'clock—and the valley is icy cold, for the sun rarely tops the summits before eleven. But as you rise to meet it, the heat increases, and by the time you do meet it, blazing down upon you in full dazzling splendour, you are probably perspiring as though you had played a single at tennis in the month of August. Off comes the coat then, and is tucked into the knapsack straps. That the mercury stands probably *rodeg.* below freezing-point you simply cannot believe, for the air is soft and balmy, and the warmth is so pervading that the idea of bathing may even occur to you. Only the glittering icicles that hang without dripping from the branches, and the silence of the torrent beneath its lid of solid ice, persuade you that the cold is actually intense. This, and the sudden change of temperature on your skin when you pass through the shadows of the trees, remind you that you are climbing under almost Arctic conditions. The huge, fern-like crystals on the surface of the snow, gleaming with violet rays, may further convey a hint of the truth, and the moustaches of your companions (three in a party are better than two, in case of accident, and alone *never*, on even an hour's expedition!) are most likely picturesque with little fringes of clear ice as well. If there is wind, of course, there is no chance of under-rating the actual cold; but as a rule these cloudless days are, fortunately, also windless—until the ridge is reached.

And once the ridge is topped, after two or three hours of steady, grinding pull, you stand so delighted and amazed at the prospect of further valleys opening into a glory of white enchantment at your feet that you quite forget the moment has arrived to extract that paper waistcoat from your pocket—until the wind, rising from leagues of winter to remind you, makes you feel that your skin is bare and that you have no clothing on at all. In less than a minute you stand shivering to the bone. And now, according to endurance and desire, you climb still higher—there is always something higher that entices dreadfully, to many a man's undoing—or else find a place for lunch. Of course, there is no water; but the oranges have their value, and by increasing their juice with snow stuffed into a small neat hole, prove generally sufficient, till water is found again on the way down. And the spot for lunch is usually the sheltered side of some deserted chalet, where reflected sunshine brings the temperature to over *70deg.*, and where boards may often be loosened from their chains of ice and used as seats, even as sleeping-places for an after-luncheon doze. It is possible, however, that the chalets are snowed under, so that you stand on the roof without discovering the fact at all, in which case a stalwart pine tree makes an admirable

back, and the dead branches, dry as touchwood, provide an easy and most comforting blaze. Lucky that man, though, and wonderful his circulation, who can keep his feet warm, even inside three pairs of socks, until the time comes for starting downwards. And numb toes cause many a fall in the first fifteen minutes of the descent, to say nothing of the abominable pain when the blood returns. Which latter detail applies to fingers too—and hence that extra pair of woollen gloves. In spite of the blazing sun, it is often a painful business fastening on your ski again.

The delights of that luncheon hour, I always think, are—next to the homeward speed—chief of the whole expedition. The scenery and the air intoxicate; the lights are ever changing; the wintry grandeur of the bigger peaks about you, and, above all, the peace and silence of these trackless fields of snow, combine in a memory of sheer joy and beauty. And the ski, stuck upright in deep snow (in shade, too, and after cleaning, lest you find ice upon the fastenings later), form slender, graceful lines that cast long shadows on the dazzling white carpet. No blemish anywhere. The world lies spotless pure in all directions. And the descent is so inviting that at the slightest word the camp is struck and the brief preparations finished. It is here that the novice generally makes his big mistake. He thinks his toil is over. Actually, it is just beginning. For the work involved in picking one's self up after innumerable tumbles is about the most exhausting kind I know. It ends by sorely trying the temper into the bargain. Falls follow one another so inexcusably. They seem beyond all understanding or explanation. The speed, by its demoralising effect upon nerve and judgment, account for a hundred or so, but the other hundreds seem simply caused by the mountains out of pure spite. And the nearer you get home—just when you wish to make an effective arrival, too—your sense of balance has departed finally, and it seems impossible to stand upright for two minutes in succession. The explanation lies partly, however, in the fact that brain and muscles are both tired, and that slopes you could have easily negotiated earlier in the day now present insuperable difficulties. The prolonged effort to keep true balance is an exhausting business altogether, and the beginner is wise to restrain his ardour during the ascent and be content at first with a reasonable height. Later, of course, balance becomes automatic. You hardly think about it.

But the glory of the day remains in the memory. A hot bath takes away the stiffness. You have learned more than you perhaps imagine. And next morning, full of life and zest, you start off again upon another trip—and probably fall a little less, or possibly a little more. It all depends.



Will Cadby.

THE EGGERTENTHAL SKI-JUMP, ONE OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL IN EUROPE.

Note the easy Poise of the Skier, Mr. K. Delap.

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LIVING in an age of intellectual giants, it fell to William Murray to acquire with universal consent the title of the great Lord Mansfield. Many a visitor to the politician transept of the Abbey has gazed upon Flaxman's noble monument without, perhaps, being able to give even an outline of the career of the Scottish boy who reached London in May, 1718. He was in his fourteenth

year when he journeyed from Perth on the back of a "Galloway," which was thereupon sold to meet his expenses. The anti-Scottish Dr. Johnson was pleased to admit the merit of Lord Mansfield, but excused the exception on the ground that "much may be made of a Scotchman if he be caught young." The biographical myth that brought Murray to England at the age of three has been traced to his early breadth of pro-

nunciation, whereby, in the official entry of his admission to Christchurch in 1723, Perth figures as "Bath."

Late in life, Lord Mansfield declined to see anything wonderful in his career, and ascribed his success to his birth and connections. A great-grandson of Sir William Murray, the eighth Baron of Tullibardine, married Lady Janet Graham, daughter of the Earl of Montrose, and had several sons, who, though highly connected, were very poorly provided for. David, the second son, became the founder of the Stormont branch of the family. He was placed in the body-guard of James the Sixth of Scotland and first of England, where his attractive appearance and manners made him a Royal favourite. He displayed great presence of mind in the Gowrie Conspiracy and in quelling the insurrection at Perth that followed that event. Given lands at Scone and a barony as Lord Scone, he was created Viscount Stormont in 1621. This Viscount Stormont married the only daughter of David Scott of Scotstarvet, the heir male of the Scotts of Buccleugh. His wife brought him no fortune but that of fourteen children, of whom William Murray, future Earl of Mansfield, was the eleventh, born in 1705.

James, the second son, was fifteen years older than William and deep in the councils of the Pretender. He lived a life of exile, dying at Avignon in 1770 at the age of eighty. Bishop Atterbury, however, the famous Jacobite, then Dean of Westminster, may have helped in securing William Murray's start as a Scholar at Westminster School, but



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SETTEE DESIGNED BY ADAM FOR A RECESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

it was his own remarkable gifts that were the real cause of his overwhelming success. To have contended on equal terms with Chatham, whose death he witnessed in the House of Lords in 1778, to have been the mainspring of Whig Cabinets, as well as the confidential adviser of George III., while all the time holding the great office of Lord Chief Justice, sufficiently illustrate his amazing political gift. From 1756, when he was created Chief Justice of the King's Bench and a peer, as Baron Mansfield in the county of

Nottingham, he continued to preside over his Court for a complete generation. Naturally, Junius, up to his disappearance in 1772, fell upon him with unsparing malice. So keen is his invective that it still forms an indispensable feature in the portrait of the great judge.

Lord Mansfield exhibited some of the best features of the really great lawyer who can rise above the minima of the law and bring it into the scope of a great agent of civilisation—"Law as a rational science, founded upon the basis of moral



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THE ENTRANCE APSE OF THE ADAM ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE ADAM LIBRARY: DECORATION OF THE HALF-DOMES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rectitude, but modified by habit and authority." Definite and clear in his main ideas, he recalls in his dicta the grand brevities of Roman law, those *sententiæ* which ring true for all time. "Non erit alia Lex Romæ, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia post hac, sed et apud omnes gentes et omni tempore, una eademque lex obtinet." This breadth of mind gave him firmness in such hours of stress as the factious trials of Wilkes in 1770 and the deadly Gordon Riots of 1780, when his house in Bloomsbury Square was burnt by the mob and all his books and papers irretrievably lost, as Cowper laments:

So then the Vandals of our Isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!

And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift
And many a treasure mors,
The well-judged purchase and the gift
That graced his lettered store.

It is as the expounder of the essentials of law and order that the great Lord Mansfield deserves to be gratefully remembered. "Every individual in his private capacity may lawfully interfere to suppress a riot, much more to prevent acts of felony, treason and rebellion. Not only is he authorised to interfere for such a purpose, but it is his duty to do so, and if called upon by a magistrate he is punishable in case of refusal."

The political errors of the American War and the dubious paths of the personal intrigues of that day faded into insignificance while remembrance is fixed on the great lawyer who gave the best years of his life to the establishment of order and principle in the jungle of the common law. Especially in maritime and commercial law he was a great pioneer. In 1753 he vindicated, in a masterly reply to the King of Prussia, the naval rights of Great Britain. Thanks to him, the old feudal jurisprudence was expanded to meet the rising needs of manufactures and commerce, then expanding rapidly under the second and third Georges. Of his memorable decisions, one that may be remembered is that first step in the abolition of slavery, the declaration that in England the negro was a free man. "Every man who comes into England is entitled to the protection of English law, whatever oppression he may heretofore have suffered, and whatever may be the colour of his skin. *Quam vis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses*—Let the Negro be discharged."

In the furtherance of tolerance he was in advance of his time, and Quakers and Dissenters had cause for gratitude. Edmund Burke said of Mansfield: "His ideas go to the growing melioration of the law by making its liberality keep pace with the



CONSOLE TABLE, MIRROR AND VALANCES.



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ADAM FURNITURE IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

demands of Justice, and the actual concerns of the world." To literature, Mansfield brought the conception of an effective copyright, and to art the discriminating patronage to which we owe the great work of Robert Adam illustrated to-day. "Whatever defects, either in beauty or composition, shall be

discovered in the following designs, they must be imputed to me alone; for the noble proprietor, with his usual liberality of sentiment, gave full scope to my ideas. Nor were they confined by any circumstances but the necessity of preserving the proper exterior similitude between the new and the old parts



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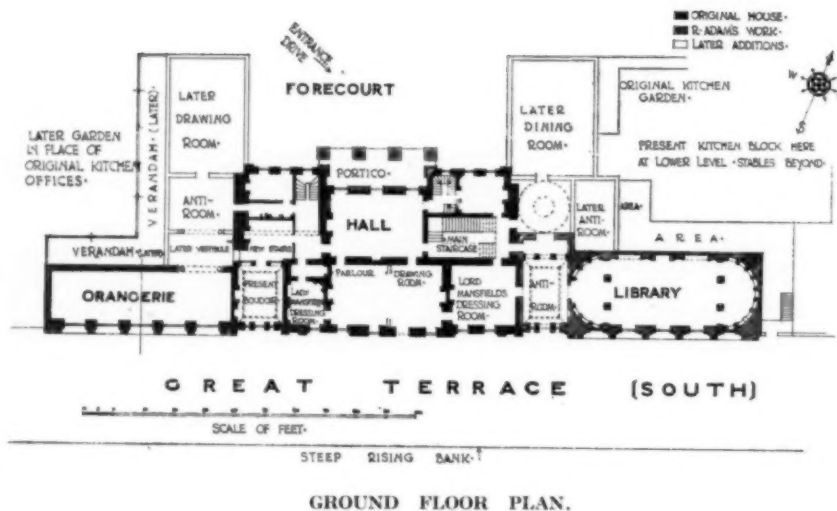
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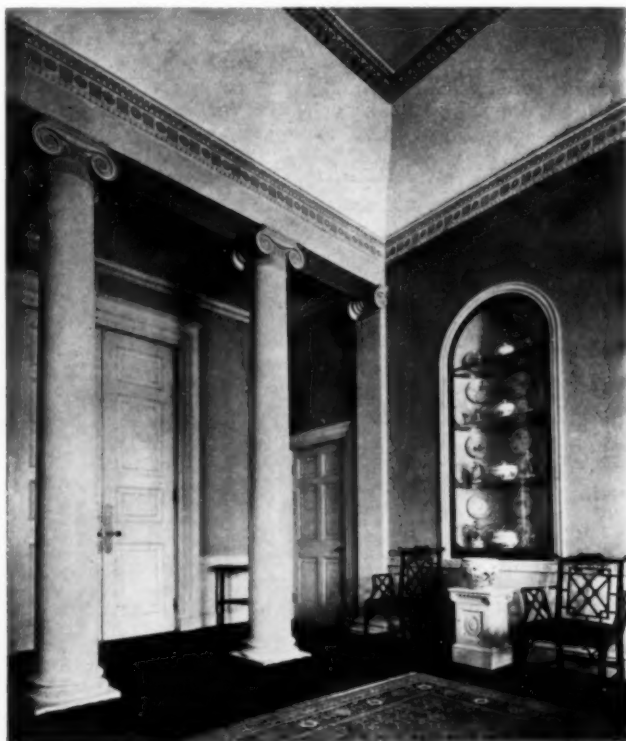
of the building; and even in respect to this, where the latter appeared defective in its detail, I was at full liberty to make the proper deviations." Thus Robert Adam introduces the subject of Kenwood in his *Works in Architecture*. Adam in this undertaking would seem to have found a work after his own heart, and he dwells on the fine placing of the house on the summit of Hampstead, in a way which marks his appreciation of the locality. "A great body of water covers the bottom and serves to go round a large natural wood of tall trees rising one above another upon the sides of a hill. Over the vale, through which the water flows, there is a noble view let into the house and terrace, of the City of London, Greenwich Hospital, the River Thames, the ships passing up and down, with an extensive prospect, but clear and distinct, on both sides of the river. To the north-east and west of the house and terrace, the mountainous villages of Highgate and Hampstead form delightful objects. The whole scene is amazingly gay, magnificent, beautiful and picturesque. The hill and dale are finely diversified, nor is it easy to imagine a situation more striking without, or more agreeably retired and peaceful within." Adam's Johnsonian prose concludes with a justification of his work: "The decoration bestowed on this front of the house is suitable to such a scene. The idea is new and has been generally approved." It is curious to remark how often Adam drops into the terms of the theatre in his remarks and criticisms. He seems to have the *mise-en-scène* constantly before him, while to us he seems to recall the sentiment of the age of Goldsmith, Sheridan and Sterne, of the society of his day, of which he was an admired ornament. Fanny Burney, authoress of the once famous *Evelina*, declared Robert Adam to be the most delightful man she had ever met.



THE STAIRCASE WITH ADAM BALUSTRADING.



Unfortunately, the scene at Kenwood, while still most "agreeably retired and peaceful within," has been completely changed by the growth of the trees all round, and the fine wide terrace along the south front no longer commands the extensive



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THE ANTE ROOM.

"C.L."

view which he describes. Adam would have no idea, in those early days of science, of the value of the locality as a piece of wild nature, a small portion of the great primeval forest of South Britain, where badgers are still to be found.

Approaching the house from the north from the Spaniards Road, the drive winds up through fine trees on steep banks, ending in a wide space in front of the great portico. As the ground is falling, the house is a little sunk from this point of view, and having no steps at all, the portico is somewhat lacking in elevation. There is no such plinth as at Shardeloes, with its effective flight of shallow steps. Two wings have been added since Adam's day, but the body of the house with the portico remains unchanged and exactly corresponds with his drawings.

Entering the hall direct, we step back into the eighteenth century. The ceiling, with its ovals painted in chiaroscuro, with reliefs of swags and medallions, is bound together in a well devised scheme. The sideboard of a white painted framework with polished mahogany top and brass back rail is all as it was designed. It is flanked by two carved mahogany vases, on white pedestals still remaining. The mahogany wine-cooler, with its treatment of swags, lions' heads

and fluting, has also been preserved, and nothing is lacking but the elaborate plate and cutlery stands, and the silver vases and flagons which Adam so fully delineates. There are four settees, also in white, which seem to be part of the original furniture. The white marble mantel has bulls' heads as ornaments, with flutings as a general ground to the design. Leaving the hall on the left, we come at once upon the staircase, which is of oak, with a characteristic metal balustrading of iron and brass, all now painted. The walls are plainly panelled, and there is an oval lantern in the flat ceiling. An ante-room of a very charming character, lit by an end Venetian window on the south, beneath a coved ceiling with a central circle of decoration, leads into the Adam Room, as it is now appropriately called. This truly magnificent saloon ranks among the great chambers to be found in England, and takes a high place in the list of its architect's achievements. His own account is as follows: "The great room with its anti-room was begun by Lord Mansfield's orders in the year 1767 and was intended both for a Library and a room for receiving company. The circular recesses were therefore fitted up for the former purpose, and the square part, or body of the room, was made suitable to the latter."

Adam expresses the character of his client as his contemporaries realised it by this dual disposition: "*Boswell*: Lord Mansfield is not a mere lawyer. *Johnson*: No, sir; I never was in Lord Mansfield's company, but Lord Mansfield was distinguished at the University." Lord Mansfield when he first came to town "drank champagne with the wits, he was the friend of Pope." Few friendships have a more attractive history than that of Pope and Murray. The poet, in a new edition of the "*Dunciad*," regrets that the law should "hang one jingling padlock on the mind."

How sweet an Ovid Murray was
our boast,
How many Martials were in
Pulteney lost."

A few days before his death (1744), when weak and ill, Pope was carried, at his own desire, from Twickenham, to dine with Murray at Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The ceiling of the great room "is in the form and style of those of the ancients. It is an imitation of a flat arch, which is extremely beautiful, and much more perfect than that which is commonly called the coved ceiling." "The coved ceiling which is a portion or quadrant of a circle around a room, and rising to a flat in the centre, seems to be altogether of modern invention, and admits of some elegance in the decoration." The eighteenth century architects, following Palladio and the Italians, had established in England the lofty *Piano Nobile* of Italy, and had been much exercised by the excessive height so obtained, unsuited as it was for rooms in this climate. The cove, as described by Adam, is to be found in all the houses of the time, and particularly in those rooms of single and double cube dimensions, experiments of which they were fond. The fine dining-room at Bowood is a good example of the coved type of ceiling which Adam here describes, and he has certainly invested it in that instance "with some elegance in the decoration." "The stucco work of the ceilings and of the other decorations is finely executed by Mr. Joseph Rose. The paintings are elegantly performed by Mr. Antonio Zucchi, a Venetian painter of great eminence; and the grounds of the *pannels* and *friezes* are coloured with light tints of pink and green, so as to take off the glare of white, so common in every ceiling, till of late. This has always appeared to me so cold and unfinished that I ventured to introduce this variety of grounds, at once to relieve the ornaments, crudeness of the white and create a harmony between the ceiling and side walls with their hangings, pictures and other

decorations." Here we have a pretty clear statement of Adam's ideas. His low-relief conception of house decoration, with its details of elegance and refinement, carried him on to obtain the necessary relief by flat tones of colour which shall give the needed emphasis to his ornament. It is not, properly speaking, that "picking out" method which followed later, as the style degenerated in his successor's hands, though that detestable sort of decoration was an easy step down as soon as the style was imitated and cheapened. The feature of the room is, of course, the great pair of apses, with their screen of columns, the entablature of which, running straight across at the springing, binds the whole design together. It introduces an element of perspective and some mystery of light and shade. The half domes, very difficult to adequately illustrate, are masterly pieces of decorative stucco work, worthy of Piero Ligorio himself. In fact, the work here recalls the famous Papal Casino in the Vatican garden. The great vault is extremely ably set out in flat compartments, varied in proportion, and adorned with ovals, half ovals and circles. These are filled in with brightly coloured paintings, in tones strong enough to stand the rich gilding which forms so large an element in the total effect. The carpet is red and the furniture gold and damask, so that it has required much judgment to ensure the general harmony. The fluted columns in white are a strong



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element in a successful scheme. Continuity of design in the two apses and the centre bay is promoted by a bold honey-suckle band at the base of the vault and of the apses. It is a recall of the narrower frieze of the entablature, where lions' and bulls' heads, the family crests, are repeated in a chain of running ornament. The books, bound in old gilded calf, are a positive help to the colour scheme. The two large arched recesses on either side of the fireplace, which had originally Adam mirrors and settees, are now booklined, as well as the original apses; the two ends of the room are thus linked by their tones of colour. The books now reach the floor, filling in the original solid dado of the apses. On the piers between the windows are two mirrors in carved wood and gilded frames, exactly as illustrated in Adam's book. The two oval mirrors which he shows on the same plate, however, do not appear to be in the house. Evidently the curtain boxes belong to the design, being similar in style. The mantel-piece, in white statuary marble, remains with its carved pilasters, bulls' heads and sphinxes. It is a trifle laboured in the execution, and not so finely wrought as usual. Over it is the imposing portrait of the great Lord Mansfield, set in the wall with a finely designed flat framework. As shown in Adam's drawing, there is a lower border to

balance the top cresting. The painter, one David Martin, 1736-1798, however, must have exceeded his dimensions, and the bottom frill has been swallowed up by the exigencies of the canvas. This room is, of course, the climax of the house, which Adam did not build; he simply added this one-story room, with its ante-room at the eastern end of the south front, balancing an existing orangery with a similar ante-room at the western end. He put a storey on the centre of the house, without taking off the roof, so that it could be occupied all the time. He cased the old brickwork and pulled together the whole south front with a pilaster treatment which he regarded as of a novel character. The exterior design of this southern façade is not unsuccessful, in spite of the severe limitations under which the designer was working. It would appear to greater advantage in a street where its very flatness would be a gain. On an open site a bolder design would carry further. All the ornamental detail that Adam shows in his drawings no longer exists. The cement work has been overhauled and the ornaments have not been repeated in the process. Adam used Liardet's Stucco, of which he, unfortunately for himself, acquired

the patent rights, and, like all the oil stuccoes of the time, it failed externally. Lord Mansfield seems to have told Humphrey Repton that the cost equalled that of Parian marble. The columns of the side-wings, which Adam shows fluted, are now plain. The capitals of the main order also have been altered, and are now Ionic, like those of the wings. The great length of the total façade, with its raised centre, is effective in the sharp perspective view afforded by the terrace.

Since the day of the first Earl and his architect, Kenwood has received some important additions, apparently of the earliest days of the nineteenth century, by which the domestic amenities of the house have been considerably increased. The five years which Lord Mansfield spent at Kenwood, from his retirement in 1788 up to his death in 1793, may well have been the happiest in his well filled life. In his old age he still sought the companionship of the young, giving as his toast, "New friends and old books." Such was the man and such is the house, polished and ornamented like his oratory, suited to his age and a monument to his memory.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

CHILDREN IN SWITZERLAND.

THE winter migration to Switzerland is not usually looked upon as a family affair, except when the family in question is well into its teens. Parents of school-boys and schoolgirls know that it is the holiday of holidays for their youngsters, and that they themselves may expect a fair share of enjoyment without too great a load of anxiety. But to take one's nursery along! That is a prospect alarming enough to make many fathers and mothers decide, cravenly, to forego their own pleasure rather than face the terrors of the journey, and of hotel life, under such circumstances. I am not suggesting that babes in arms should be taken to Switzerland; but children of four years old or more are not the impossible burden one is apt to suppose. It is as well, however, to be clear at the outset what the advantages, from their point of view, really are. What are they going to gain—given that their parents are willing to take the risk of getting them there—by, say, a month in the Alps? They are bound to have, of course, any amount of simple, natural fun.

Do what we will for their entertainment at Brighton or Eastbourne or Folkestone, we cannot provide them with unlimited snow-fields, open-air ice rinks every day, absolutely safe toboggan runs and a habitation perched five thousand feet



D. McLeish.

RIDING FOR A FALL.

Copyright.



Will Cadby.

THE ICICLE SOLDIERS.

Copyright.

above the sea. Yet it is for the sake of a gift of far greater value than any of these that we long to take them with us. We want to give them sunshine.

Sport and companionship and bracing air, possibly even a week or so of snow and outdoor ice, we can provide in our own island; but we cannot ensure that they shall spend six to eight hours a day in a warm, health-giving, germ-destroying, joyous radiance. We have only to glance over our own experience to realise how that was the factor that counted, above all else, in our day's pleasure; that was the force we stored up and brought home and used, to our lasting benefit, during the remainder of the winter. The Alpine sun sent us back to work with new energy, kept off our spring attack of influenza, caused all our friends to gaze with envy on our tanned faces and decide to go and do likewise the following season. And when we rejoined our little people and observed the English pallor of their faces, were we not just a tiny bit ashamed of ourselves? Did we not

there and then resolve that next year—? Well, next year is almost upon us; and if our minds are finally made up and the children are to go, some careful planning will be necessary before we can secure the best holiday for them with the minimum of wear and tear for ourselves. There is no reason why the family party should not settle down in any Alpine village where there is a comfortable, central-heated hotel. But if we are



Will Cadby.

AFTER A TUMBLE.

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going to give the babies their sunshine, why not give them the very most we can? Suppose we sacrifice, for once, the depth of snow our ski-ing instincts cry for, or the irreproachable ice we require for showing off to perfection our recently acquired "out-handle" turn, and avoid the very highest resorts? They may have the requisite hours of sunshine, but it is often in conjunction with a temperature so low that a child's circulation cannot react healthily; and sometimes the sun's effect is cancelled by the presence of a bitter little mountain wind. Most of the villages in the Engadin, for instance, are sunny, but piercingly cold, owing to their height. There are exceptions further south: Montana, in the Rhone Valley, where the hotels are five thousand feet up, is bathed in hot sunshine all day long. Villars, in the same district, is equally fortunate, though not quite so high. It must be remembered, too, that great altitude does not suit every child. It may have an exciting effect on the heart, and cause nervousness and sleeplessness. An ideal holiday for children can be had at Beatenberg, in the Bernese Oberland, above Lake Thun. It has fully eight hours' sun, with level roads for walking, exquisite snow slopes for tobogganning and elementary ski-ing, and several splendidly managed hotels. Another child's paradise is Kandersteg, also in the Oberland. There the sun rises rather later in the day than usual, but does not set till after tea. The Hotel Victoria is already well known among parents, and a large chalet near by caters specially for little ones—sets apart a playroom for their use and provides suitable meals. Morgins, on the border of Switzerland and France, is, again, a sunny, homely place for youngsters, with a hotel now famous for its

careful attention to the individual needs of its guests. One could mention many other places, perhaps quite as suitable; these are merely the names most generally known. But there are dangers in every hotel, no matter how accommodating the proprietor may be. Visitors arrive daily, bringing their contribution to the store of infection which lurks in all the corridors and public rooms. Colds are caught on the journey or brought out from home, and only reach maturity in a hotel's congenial atmosphere. If the Swiss landlord could be induced to open every window in the building several times a day, and to keep even one or two always open, there might be some hope of avoiding "the Swiss hotel cold." But that reform is still a hope of the future. Though in all other ways the proprietor has acceded to the demands of the Britisher, he still clings obstinately to his love of a "frowst."

Therefore the conscientious parent may even be prepared to make a further sacrifice and give up the ease of life *en pension* in favour of a hired chalet. This does not necessarily involve housekeeping. The good *hausfrau* is generally only too anxious to provide meals for her boarders; and if her cooking is not up to the standard required by papa and mamma, they have the alternative of walking across to the nearest hotel for dinner and *dejeuner*, leaving nurse and the children to dine more simply in their own rooms. In some cases the upper part of a chalet can be taken, and meals sent up from the ground floor; or, where the whole house is required, the hotel can be depended on for catering, and a village *madchen* hired to do the necessary



Will Cadby.

SNOWBALLING.

Copyright.

cleaning. An obliging nurse or maid can make her employers very comfortable, and save them expense, by offering to serve the morning coffee and rolls herself. And if she allows each of her charges a boiled egg at the same time, they will get through their strenuous forenoon all the better for it.

When the children are out of doors before sunrise (sunrise being due, as a rule, between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m.) they must

not be allowed to loiter in the sharp cold. A brisk walk or run ought to be the first item on the programme after breakfast. Once the sun has climbed the intervening mountain—there is nearly always an intervening mountain!—they can play or dawdle or sit still in safety; but the same care must be taken to keep them moving after sunset. Every hotel having central heating is *over-heated*, and there is always danger from chill on coming into the keen outside air.

A child's outfit should follow the same requirements as an adult's. The upper garments must be warm and light, the lower ones snowproof and wear-resisting. Boots must be roomy and water-tight, with gaiters or puttees worn over them. Woolly jerseys and caps, thick tweed for skirts and knickers, and well-greased, nail-shod boots are the best daily costume. Every child ought to be provided with two complete suits of sports clothes, and should be given a pair of rubber-soled snow boots for use on the ice rinks. These, along with skates and skis of all sizes, can be had at almost any Alpine village store. At the larger centres children's dances and carnivals are of weekly occurrence, so materials for fancy dress and a dainty frock or two should be added, as no child likes to be "out of it" on these occasions. But on most evenings the tiresome business of dressing for dinner is left to the grown-ups.

It is perhaps in the arrangements for the journey, however, that the parents' chief anxiety lies. Those who can travel by the Engadin express, or any of the *trains de luxe*, will provide sleeping car accommodation for the whole party, and are in no need of advice. But there are plenty of married couples who do not hesitate to go first class by themselves, and yet feel forced to draw the line at first-class tickets for a family of five or six. Few people realise that there is always more unoccupied space in the second-class saloon of a

Channel boat than in the first class. The custom of going first class on the steamer and second class in the train is a singularly useless one from the point of view of comfort.

On landing at Boulogne or Calais let one able-bodied person struggle through the Douane, with as many porters as the baggage may require, while the others go straight to their seats in the train. A couple of children, a nurse and two parents will entirely fill a compartment, but after the train has started it may be possible to find additional places elsewhere. At all events, the children must be allowed to lie down, and thus avoid train sickness during the night journey. Hot soup or hot cocoa can be carried in vacuum flasks. The youngest children should not be taken along to the restaurant car. They will suffer far fewer after effects if they are given as little food as possible, and that of the lightest sort. Dry rusks and fruit are better than sandwiches and buns. A tin of peeled and sliced oranges will do much to ease the inevitable night thirst caused by overheated, dusty carriages.

If possible, choose a train which allows time for breakfast at Bâle or Berne or Lausanne, as the case may be. If the little ones can stretch their legs for an hour on firm ground and are allowed the interest of watching the life of a foreign railway station, they will complete the journey with much less fretfulness and fatigue.

There are still one or two mountain resorts which can only be reached by a long drive uphill in an open sleigh. This may take from two to four hours, generally late in the afternoon, and should be avoided when young children are of the party. A short study of Cook's Continental Time-table will reveal those places which can be reached by funiculaire or light railway.

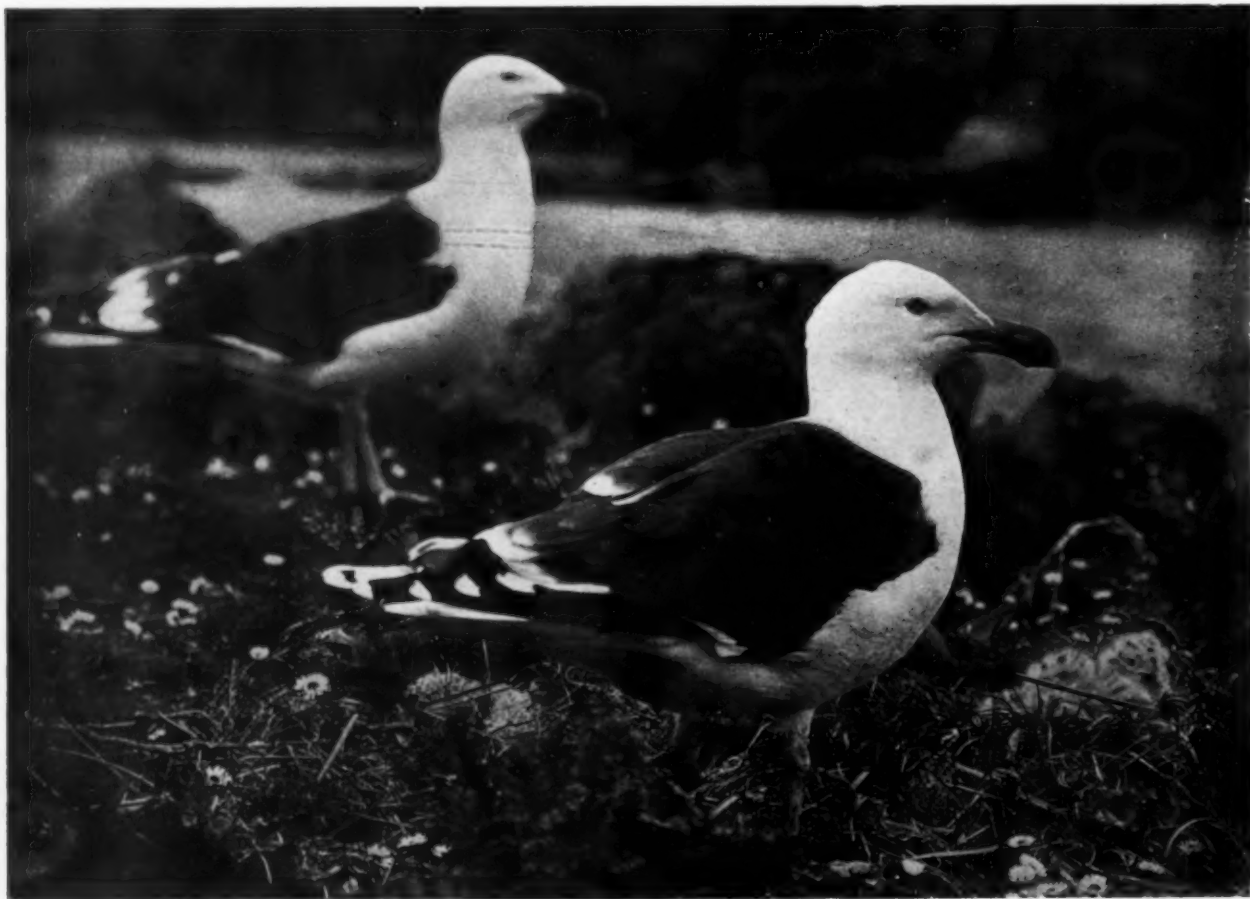
DOROTHY MUIR.

OUR COMMON SEA-BIRDS.

Our Common Sea-Birds, by Percy R. Lowe, B.A., M.B., B.C., etc. (COUNTRY LIFE Library.)

THE common sea-birds treated by Dr. Lowe in this finely illustrated volume comprise cormorants, terns, gulls, skuas, petrels and auks. When a natural history book, and especially a modern bird-book, announces that the "illustrations form a special feature," there is always a fear that the text which

accompanies them may be of inferior merit. It is well, therefore, to say at the outset that Dr. Lowe, who is known as a scientific naturalist and a competent ornithologist, has done his work exceedingly well. Besides giving a very readable description and life-history of the species, he has suggested certain problems regarding the evolution of birds which are worthy of the field naturalist's attention. He has pointed out that the gulls, petrels and auks are probably the descendants of



C. Crowley.

GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULLS AND NESTLINGS.

Copyright.



Miss M. Best.

SANDWICH TERNS AMONG THE MARRAM.

Copyright.

plover-like ancestors. He has shown how food and methods of securing it have affected the habits of different species. And he has given particular attention to distribution, which is more minutely and more accurately treated than usual. In cases like that of the gannet, of which the breeding places are limited and perhaps decreasing in number, and others like that of the fulmar, which is increasing its range in a striking fashion, this minuteness is of special interest. On some of these points to which Dr. Lowe has drawn attention we shall have more to say later. But let us begin with sea-birds generally. Dr. Lowe points out that "sea-birds," as they are popularly called, fall into two sharply divided groups. In the first are the auks and petrels, which are essentially oceanic. They spend their lives at sea, and only resort to land when they are breeding. In the second group are the cormorants and gulls, which are far more tied to the shallow waters adjoining the land, the so-called Continental shelf, than is generally appreciated. A singular exception is the kittiwake, which in all essential respects is a gull. But gulls, generally speaking, do not, as is popularly supposed, follow ships across the trackless ocean from one continent to another. The dropping off of the gulls during a transatlantic voyage is striking enough to those who look out for it. The reappearance of gulls, and one includes under gulls, their allies the terns and skuas, is a sure sign that land and comparatively shallow water is at hand. The same is equally true of the cormorants, shags and gannets, though these belong to a totally different order, the steganopodes, with all four toes united by a web. By an oversight Dr. Lowe twice refers (page 226) to the gull and skua group as Steganopodes. This division into oceanic and coast birds is well established. The observations of Columbus on his journey to the new world are cited in support of it; but they are not very convincing, because it is improbable that Columbus knew

one sea-bird from another. The black-headed gull (*L. ridibundus*) which was lately marked as a nestling in the Baltic and captured in Barbadoes, is an altogether exceptional trans-oceanic traveller among gulls. It would seem that habits of feeding and nature of food have more to do with this division than ancestry and structure. The gull group are practically dependent upon tidal waters and the foreshore. They feed on what marine biologists call the benthos. The oceanic group of petrels and auks feed on the floating plankton and the free-swimming nekton. What we know of the food of sea-birds bears this out; but the line must not be drawn too hard and fast. Gulls are the scavengers of the shore. Terns feed largely on little fishes. Cormorants and gannets get their food almost entirely from the nekton. Skuas are predatory robbers; but gulls will not refuse live fish when a shoal of small fry swims just below the surface.



Miss E. L. Turner.

YOUNG PUFFIN.

Copyright.



D. Seth Smith.

NESTLING OF GULL.

Copyright.

Showing the usual form of marking.

How comes it that the kittiwake, which is a gull, stands as an exception? In plumage, feet, colouring and habits it is different from other gulls. Many things point to an independent ancestry. The kittiwake is a real gull of the sea. It disdains to scavenge on the foreshore. Its food is collected fresh and living from the myriads of organisms that form the plankton. It dives, and, as we should expect, it has an oceanic distribution comparable to that of the auks and petrels. This does not mean that any bird wanders indiscriminately over the globe. Had we the facts collected we could probably draw maps with accurate areas of oceanic distribution for each species. But our knowledge of the doings of oceanic birds is meagre. One of the unsolved mysteries is, where do the countless thousands of puffins which can be seen at their breeding-places pass the rest of the year?

The cormorant and the shag, two birds very closely allied, with which the volume before us opens, suggest several problems to Dr. Lowe. How comes it that two species apparently filling the same niche in Nature have survived side by side? Possibly there is a greater difference between their habits than their outward appearance would suggest. The shag is more maritime. The cormorant may even breed inland. Their respective breeding ranges round the coasts of these islands are noteworthy. The two species apparently compete. The cormorants are probably in a majority. The shag is harder to please in the choice of a breeding site. It prefers a cave and dislikes the rain. The cormorant is generally distributed all round our coast. It outnumbers the shag on the East Coast of Great Britain and on part of the Welsh coast. The shag does not breed on the South Coast east of the Isle of Wight, nor on the East Coast of England, with the exception of the Farne Islands. It is only sparingly found on the East Coast of Scotland. On the West of Scotland and the West of Ireland the shag predominates. What is the reason?

Mr. Ogilvie-Grant contributes a chapter to the book on plumage changes in the cormorant. Mr. Pycraft writes on the external nostrils, which, as in the penguins, are almost wanting. In speaking of young birds generally Mr. Pycraft makes a statement (page 59) which surely needs revision. "Helpless young," says Mr. Pycraft, "occur either when the young are hatched in places at a great height from the ground or in colonies." Now, the larks nest on the ground, and their young are unquestionably helpless. Some ducks nest at a height from the ground, and their young are *not* helpless. Richardson's skua nests in colonies, and their young are able to run about a few hours after leaving the shell. Colonies of shags are sometimes found, and the young shag is helpless; but we think that Seebohm was right when he declared that shags only became gregarious where suitable ledges were scarce and prospective mothers were over numerous.

Passing rapidly over the terns and gulls, which supply some of the most pleasing illustrations, the reader will not fail to be interested by the accounts which Mr. A. J. R. Roberts and Mr. O. G. Pike furnish of visits to the Island of Foula and other homes of the skuas. These strangely ferocious birds are often described as parasitic, though predatory is a more accurate word. It seems an incredible refinement among these robbers to discard a fish which the victimised gull drops into the sea; yet the habit of either catching the meal in mid-air or of looking out for another victim who has a fish seems firmly established. But carrion, molluscs and smaller birds are also eaten by skuas. Mr. Pike had the strange experience of being attacked by one of these bandits in his canvas tent when he was singing.

We pass to the petrels. In the fulmar, which in its resemblance to a gull presents a striking instance of convergent evolution, we have an instance of a bird which is increasing in inexplicable fashion. Already half a century ago Darwin wrote of fulmars as the most numerous birds in the world. Dr. Lowe works out the recent increase in breeding localities with references to "British Birds" and other authorities. The strange thing is that the vast majority of average British field-naturalists have perhaps never to their knowledge seen a fulmar. We end with the auks, which in habits, though not in affinities, represent the penguins of the Northern hemisphere. Dr. Lowe rightly thinks that the auks are lowly organised and stupid birds. The great auk has proved this by allowing itself to be exterminated. A strange mortality periodically visits the little auks and accompanies an inland rush of these oceanic birds. In the beginning of 1912 probably thousands perished of which only a few were recorded. The causes here suggested are atmospheric conditions in the North Atlantic, which caused the food of this plankton-feeding bird to sink further than the auk could dive. Of the great number of plates in the volume it will be enough to say that nothing better in the way of live-bird photography has ever been collected together. Many of the best workers at photographic ornithology—Miss E. L. Turner, Miss Haviland, Dr. Heatherley, Mr. Beetham, Mr. Pike, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Booth and many more have contributed.

HAROLD RUSSELL.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

HOME-GROWN FOOD IN TIME OF WAR.

MAJOR MURRAY'S paper, read at the Royal United Service Institution on November 12th, seemed to give the audience a fit of cold shivers. It was a lurid picture which he drew, not of invasion, but of the certain effects of a great European war, in which Great Britain might be engaged. On the military side of the subject he said but little, but dwelt on the social and economic upheaval which must happen in this country in the awful event of a clash of arms between the great powers. He predicted that the first thing to happen would be a financial and banking panic, consequent on the shock to International credit and the stoppage of trade, but that even this would be nothing to the internal distress and state of anarchy that would follow owing to the famine prices for food, which nothing could prevent except well-laid plans completed



F. Heatherley.

COMMON GULL ON NEST.

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beforehand in time of peace. We cannot here touch on the details of what was said, except to say that a Socialist, Mr. Jack Williams, who joined in the discussion, said openly that organised labour would not starve, but would forcibly take what food they wanted! The writer was present, and heard this very plain-spoken threat. There was, of course, a discussion as to the best means of preventing the horrors of starvation in such a national crisis, but I noticed that no speaker even mentioned the old proposals for storage in national granaries, the chief ideas put forward being a national indemnity for the loss of ships carrying food and the seizure of all supplies by Government at the outbreak of war. In this place, however, we have only to do with the possibilities of our own agriculture becoming our best resource for at least the minimising of the danger, and on this point Mr. Christopher Turnor made some important statements. He pointed out that as regards wheat this country has fallen woefully behind in production, and that we have become absolutely dependent on imported breadstuffs. We only grow from 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 quarters and consume about 35,000,000. Mr. Turnor argued that this small output might be enormously increased. That is obviously true, seeing that our recorded maximum was about 22,000,000 quarters. To get back to that, and even exceed it, ought to become the aspiration of all thinking persons, but how to bring it about seems at present an insoluble problem. The present price of wheat to the farmer is 30s. per quarter of 480lb., and this is admittedly below the cost of production, the lowest remunerative price being 35s. If farmers could rely on even that figure there would not be any strong inducement to grow wheat, but most experts believe that

40s. would at least double production. But how could 40s., or even 35s., be guaranteed? To talk of import duties or bounties is a waste of words in this country, however strong the arguments in their favour may be. We have had wheat in the "nineties" at 18s. per quarter, and with the rapid increase of its cultivation abroad it is quite possible that it may again be equally cheap, and its growth at home be still further reduced. In view of these facts we find ourselves up against a dead wall in searching for means of providing more home-grown wheat, and we may as well abandon the idea. So far as wheat is concerned the only feasible plan of providing for emergencies seems to the writer some form of storage. It might be done by offering inducements to traders to always hold a large minimum stock or by the long ago rejected system of national granaries. Wheat, however, is not by any means the only food of man, and Mr. Turnor made a very useful remark on this point. As he observed, everybody knows that we only grow about one-sixth part of the wheat we require, but few are aware that of the whole of our food consumption of every kind we still produce one-half. This consideration puts a different complexion on the whole matter, and suggests the expansion of our other resources apart from that of wheat. There is a far more hopeful field for science and governmental encouragement in connection with many other articles of daily consumption which suffer far less than wheat from foreign competition, and our endeavours should be guided in their direction. If public attention could be aroused to the real danger in which we stand of terrible scarcity of food in case of a sudden outbreak of war, no reasonable measures of precaution would be thought too great. A. T. M.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A rider unequalled—a sportsman complete,
A rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat.

THESE lines of Whyte Melville were, as Lord Charles Beresford reminds us, written of Lord Suffield, who has just published some autobiographical notes under the title of *My Memories, 1830-1913* (Herbert Jenkins). Norfolk has produced at least as many sportsmen as any other county in Great Britain, but none more perfect than Lord Suffield, and he is extremely proud of his county and echoes with emphasis Nelson's saying: "I myself am a Norfolk man and I glory in being so." Its history he summarises with gusto. Its population was once a fifth of that of the whole of England. When Edward III. invaded France, Yarmouth contributed twice as many ships as London. Acre for acre, Norfolk, at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, could claim to have more religious houses than any other province in Christendom. Norfolk has been the birthplace of many famous men: Nelson, William Wyndham, Robert Walpole Earl of Orford, Coke Earl of Leicester, to name but a few. It always has been a great sporting country. In the time of Charles II., Captain Gibbs laid a wager of £500 that he would "drive his light chaise and four horses up and down the deepest pit of Devil's Ditch on Newmarket Heath," and did it by making a very light chaise with a jointed perch, and without any pole. There was another original who, for a bet, "trotted his bull a mile in four and a half minutes." Many of the riding feats of those old days were, as Lord Suffield says, "very rough on the horses." In 1858, Mr. Rising of Costessy won a bet by riding

over nine consecutive single hurdles set up in the centre of the horse-field. This was performed in excellent style, coming back also over the same ground and not refusing one hurdle. The spectators were rather astonished to see Mr. Rising repeat the feat, cap in hand. The judge of the bet, one of the first riders in the Norfolk hunt, asked permission to ride the horse himself, saying he had ridden many good horses, but never one that would take a single hurdle. Mr. Rising consented, and he rode the same ground, thus making the animal in all leap fifty-four single hurdles.

A butcher of Norwich, named Kett, once undertook to ride his horse fifty miles in four hours; that is to say, from St. Stephen's Gate at Norwich to Thetford and back, and won by a minute and a half. A Mr. Welby of Blickling lost a bet of fifty guineas by a very narrow margin. He had undertaken to ride his mare ninety miles on the Aylsham road in ten hours, all paces:

She performed the first eighty miles in eight hours twenty-five minutes, and had an hour and thirty-five minutes to run the last ten miles, but was unable to accomplish it, to the great disappointment of those who bet three and four to one that the mare performed the journey.

In 1879 a foot race took place at Lynn between a man and a horse, and the man was only beaten by ten yards. "Deerfoot," the celebrated Indian runner, performed some of his greatest feats in Norfolk. In the days of smuggling and body-snatching

these pursuits were carried on extensively in the county. On one occasion twenty recently buried bodies were removed at the same time from a Yarmouth churchyard. Witchcraft has prevailed in the county since the time of Sir Thomas Brown. Lord Suffield tells us that when he was twelve years of age a man applied to the Norwich magistrates for permission to sell his wife. He was referred to the Ecclesiastical Court, but, being suspicious of delay, he sold the lady for a guinea, receiving a sovereign on account. Here is the deed of sale:

This is to satfy that I, Samyoul Wilkinson, sold my wife to George Springle for the Sum of one pound one, before witness. Samyoul Wilkinson X his mark, Maryan Wilkinson X her mark, George Springle X his mark. Frederick Cornish, witness.

Old age is frequent in the county, and the record of centenarians given by our author is remarkable. As a game county Norfolk has long been famous, and shooting men and such politicians as want to be well informed will read with interest the accounts of the bags made early in last century. Lord Suffield gives a very interesting table, showing the number of game shot at Gunton in the years between 1822 and 1833:

Date.	Head.	Date.	Head.
1822 ..	4,113	1828 ..	2,305
1823 ..	2,715	1829 ..	3,599
1824 ..	1,917	1830 ..	1,617
1825 ..	3,158	1831 ..	2,928
1826 ..	4,641	1832 ..	4,003
1827 ..	3,991	1833 ..	3,457

The constituents of the bag may be understood from an analysis of one year—1822—when 762 hares were killed, 1,417 pheasants, 1,291 partridges, 526 rabbits, 48 woodcock and 42 snipe. The total does not correspond exactly with that given in Lord Suffield's table; but it is only five out, and the difference is of no practical importance. Two guns, T. W. Coke and Colonel Anson, shot, on November 22nd, 1826, 106 partridges, and five guns one day in the same month of 1834 shot 174 partridges. Upon the connection of game and agriculture Lord Suffield makes the following interesting remark:

The estate was generally said to be "eaten up" with game, but the average number killed amounted to three thousand two hundred; if the number left be admitted as equal to the number killed, this makes a total of six thousand four hundred reared, which, upon an estate of fifteen thousand acres, gives not one head of all the species included in every two acres.

But the shooting at Gunton was very small beer compared with that of Holkham:

During one shoot, 1866, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, who had been staying with us, were guests at the same house-party, when two tons were sent up to Leadenhall Market as the result of a few days' sport.

Lord Suffield was a great friend of the late King Edward VII. in the days when he was Prince of Wales, and, as might be expected, there are many interesting particulars of an unconventional kind given about the Royal family. For

example, he has a story about Blondin and the Prince, which has been in print before, but is probably forgotten :

The Prince had gone from Ireland to Canada, and on his return in November he told us that one of the most amazing sights he had ever seen was Blondin crossing Niagara on the tight-rope, first by himself and then with a barrow which he wheeled before him. Blondin had offered to take the Prince as a passenger in the wheelbarrow, and he, with the spirit of adventure only too fully awake, was quite ready to cross to American territory in that precarious fashion. But fortunately for us the Canadian authorities would not allow it, and told him that the heir to the Throne of England must make his first visit in a more dignified fashion.

Lord Suffield accompanied the Prince of Wales on his visit to India in 1875, and perhaps there is nothing more touching in the book than the following passage :

The Princess took me into the cabin and told me that she gave the Prince into my care, trusting me to look after him and never leave him. Her Royal Highness was weeping, and I was unable to reply save by kissing her hand. But I never did leave him except once when I was ill, and on one or two occasions when he himself sent me off somewhere. I went with him everywhere, sat beside him ready to get before him should any attempt be made on his life, and I watched over him at night, often never going to bed at all, when there seemed the slightest danger of anything or anyone attacking him.

What Lord Suffield says of himself so modestly is emphatically confirmed by Lord Charles Beresford, who says that when on duty during the Indian visit, Lord Suffield "would walk up and down throughout the night to make sure of not falling asleep." In his prime he was a dandy of dandies, proud of his voice and waist and dress, and yet he was one of the hardest and most daring riders who ever emerged out of his native county. A good shot and a great yachtsman, brave in the hour of danger, kind in the day of need, there have been few on his own ground to compare with him.

A JOURNALIST ON LITERATURE.

A Bookman's Letters, by W. Robertson Nicoll. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL has a position almost without parallel as a journalist. His most conspicuous quality is clearness, and that he is proud of the fact it may be inferred from his use of "Claudius Clear" as a pen-name. Added to this is an endless curiosity which ranges from minute variations of text to the most homely biographical details. Merits and weaknesses alike become apparent from a close reading of the Mark Rutherford papers, which, taken together, make far and away the best study in the book. Hale White's style appears to him ideal. "I had seen no style quite like this—a style translucent in its simplicity and yet incapable of any amendment." The passage (too long for quotation in its entirety) is as acute as it is appreciative, but the criticism stops short of the discovery that Hale White, despite his high and solid attainments, was not and could not be "a writer's writer." Let it be granted that there is nowhere "a more wonderful study of melancholia." Subsequent publications showed that it was only part of the sad-coloured drab world which was all the author saw. Mark was not like the melancholy Jacques set in the natural environment of merry fools and clowns, happy lovers, worldly ambitions and wise philosophies. The style, good as it is, reflects the author's limitations, his freedom from "the hair-brained sentimental traces" that in the end count for as much as the deepest seriousness. What he was, however, Sir Robertson Nicoll shows in a manner that makes this appreciation not only the best thing in the book, but, as far as our reading goes, the best that has been anywhere written of Mark Rutherford.

Many of the other letters in the volume no doubt answered their purpose very well when they originally appeared in the *British Weekly*, but they seem rather too brief in a book. Often the reader is pulled up short just when his attention has been seized and concentrated. The one on Frederick Greenwood raises the question whether a biographer cannot be found for "the greatest journalist of our time." Greenwood kept all his papers and important correspondence very carefully. Not long before his death he asked the present writer to read the letters which Richard Jeffries had addressed to him. Unfortunately, the doing of this was too long delayed, but we hope his executors will not think it amiss to publish them. From what Mr. Greenwood said, they illuminate a small dark spot in literary history. Again, in the case of Swinburne, another theme for a suggestive letter, is anyone going to write "a life," and what has become of the unpublished ballads and other MSS. of which Mr. Gosse wrote in the "Dictionary of Biography"? Perhaps the question should be addressed to Mr. Watts-Dunton, one of the few living writers to whom a chapter is devoted. Not everything is equally admirable in these pages. Hunting for the six best English biographies, even when done with tact and judgment, is a poor sort of game, and in the otherwise excellent article on Mark Rutherford there is cited for approval a most quotidian passage wherein that author with dead literalism tries to find a physical explanation of Wordsworth's lovely phrase, "the fields of sleep." Nevertheless, to "Claudius Clear" must be accorded the praise that he not only possesses a true love of letters, but can instil it in others.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Here are Ladies, by James Stephens. (Macmillan.)

MR. JAMES STEPHENS has a precious possession in his style. He is one of the best of the younger writers of to-day, and it is to be hoped that he will guard and foster his gift. The book before us is one of short stories, nearly every one of which is a little masterpiece. Within the compass of a few pages Mr. Stephens is able to bring out the most extraordinary contrasts of temperament and to develop counter forces to passion and character. Man's egotism, blindness or general selfishness carries its own doom with it. Often enough cause and effect are invisible to the ordinary wayfaring man. A woman elopes, and her action is set down to female caprice or to the truth of Pope's saying that "Every woman is at heart a rake." A man goes to the bad, and the ordinary looker-on finds in

the fact only one more piece of evidence that man was conceived in sin and born in iniquity. It is the philosophical observer who looks more deeply into causes and realises in daily life the Frenchmen's truth that "to know all is to forgive all." Mr. Stephens is a philosopher of that type; but he has none of the coldness which we associate with philosophy. His wit, ardour and sympathy, his understanding of the passions and weaknesses, the vagaries and the fancies of his kind, joining to a ready wit and what Mr. Slipslop called "ironing," enable him to embody the result of his observations in a sketch of a few pages in length that touches the very springs of laughter and tears. That he will not write much, but that what he does write will be kept up to the high standard he has set himself, is the hope of every well-wisher.

NOVELS.

The Custom of the Country, by Edith Wharton. (Macmillan.)

THERE is very little of the character of Undine Spragg from Apex City that is not intimately known to us when we lay down Mrs. Edith Wharton's novel, *The Custom of the Country*. Here is analysis carried to its furthestmost limit; and, at first, on turning over the pages of this novel, the reader asks himself why there should be all this close insistence upon the ignorance and vulgarity of the Spraggs in the mass and of Undine Spragg in particular. They are so cruelly taken to pieces and their mechanism explained at such length that, the sympathies not being aroused, the mind rebels. But not beyond the limits of its endurance, since Mrs. Wharton is too clever and vital a writer to altogether alienate curiosity. The reader urges himself on, in hope, to discover eventually that here is an extraordinarily acute and shrewd piece of intuitive character-analysis. That the object of interest is not worthy of the care bestowed upon her conscientious exploration may be a matter of opinion; but it goes without saying that she could not have been more thoroughly portrayed. Undine Spragg is a beautiful, selfish, vulgar-minded and ambitious young woman when we first meet her in New York, where, together with her parents, she is enjoying solitary splendour in the Hotel Stentorian. The Spraggs are proud of their daughter, and determined she shall have her desires even if it be over their corpses that she steps on her triumphal way. This attitude of theirs seems not unnatural to Undine, who, trampling the slightest opposition under foot, proceeds, with the help of Abner Spragg's dollars, to secure herself a foothold upon the social ladder. Her first marriage, with Ralph Marvell, is the stepping-stone to higher things. Through three marriages and one re-marriage, she attains the desire of her heart, that is to say, entrance to "the best." It is all very sordid, very clever; and strong, flexible and durable as tempered steel, the book is one that should stand as a ruthless picture of a social condition, despoiled, in spite of the author's efforts to the contrary, of even the saving grace of a sympathetic onlooker's tolerant excuse.

Flower of the Golden Heart, by Violet A. Simpson. (Chapman and Hall.)

THERE is very little incident in Miss Violet A. Simpson's *Flower of the Golden Heart*; the story is rather a picture of the times of Charles II., and is concerned not so much with that monarch as with a certain Lord Gayre's romantic passion for Esther Peden, the daughter of an unsuccessful goldsmith. The beauty and the virtue of Esther Peden find a happy setting at the hands of this author, who, with minuteness and delicacy, gains her successful end in a manner at once artistic and unforced. Throughout the novel, it would appear, the intention has been to present a simple romance that shall depend for its attraction on the merits of its workmanship; for this reason it is probable the lover of adventure and movement will lay the novel aside, unsatisfied. Yet it deserves attention for the quiet confidence of its appeal to a discriminating public that can recognise and value the services of the skilled artist.

A Midsummer Rose, by Katharine Tynan. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

MISS KATHARINE TYNAN'S hero is elderly at thirty-six; he feels himself old enough to comfort with kindly avuncular caresses the seventeen-year-old daughter of the midsummer rose he once loved, and thereby hangs the slender plot of this tale. For outsiders were not so impressed by the aged young man's impossibility as a likely lover; and when the estimable Vicar of Woodhay surprised Ralph Bretherton soothing his ward in a shelter where they have taken refuge from a thunder-storm, he drew his own conclusions. That these conclusions leaked out was unfortunate for the pair; and there is some heart-breaking and rearrangement before all is satisfactorily made straight again. In the course of first elaborating and then demolishing the barrier that divides Bretherton from happiness with his cousin's widow, a really well drawn and sympathetic character, Miss Tynan evolves some extremely badly constructed sentences which we find it difficult to forgive her; yet, it is a soothing, if somewhat unsophisticated tale she tells us, and, in keeping with its gentle ambling has been our mild enjoyment.

The Business of Life, by Robert W. Chambers. (D. Appleton.)

AFTER reading this novel it would appear that the business of life is love. Jim Desboro is a singularly unpleasing specimen of the young man about town, with a peculiar *flair* for anything attractive in the feminine way. The story is laid in New York, and the two principal characters are those of Desboro and Jacqueline Nevres; the latter employed by Desboro to value his collection of arms and armour. While Jacqueline is at work upon the valuation, travelling up from New York to Silverwood, Desboro makes use of his opportunity to make love to her, his intentions questionable. Jacqueline, to our mind, a somewhat impressionable and yet pedantic young personage, is at first on her guard against him; but eventually the pair, with much talk of friendship, become lovers. The scene shifts with some ingenuity, and we find the girl taken under the wing of an elderly woman of considerable social influence, and introduced to New York society, where she makes no small impression. With opportunities to marry well, she remains faithful to her first love, finally reading him a lecture on the error of his ways in wanting her in any capacity other than that of wife, with the happy result that he agrees to marry her. As might be expected, at this point Desboro's past finds him out; and Mr. Robert Chambers sees to it that he comes through a severe probation at the hands of his Jacqueline before the doors of Paradise open to his chastened gaze.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

AN INTERESTING AND BEAUTIFUL BIRD.

ONE of the most beautiful and attractive birds living in the Zoological Gardens is the sun bittern of South America. It is a rare bird in captivity, although generally represented, usually by a single individual in the Zoological Gardens. For the last few years there has been but one; now, however, two more have been acquired, and with good luck the species may reproduce its kind in the near future, as it did on more



THE SUN BITTERN AT REST.

than one occasion some forty or fifty years ago. The sun bittern thrives in captivity, feeding on chopped meat, small live fish, worms and insects. It captures flies in the same manner as do the smaller herons and egrets, by slowly stalking them, gradually moving the head towards the insect until within striking distance, and then, with an instantaneous forward movement of the head, snapping it up with the long, sharp-pointed bill. When at rest the sun bittern is a graceful object, clad in various shades of brown, banded with black; but it is transformed into an object of very great beauty when the wings and tail are expanded, revealing a variety of shades of colour from bluish grey to golden bronze, chestnut and white, while the pattern and shape remind one of some huge butterfly.

D. SETH-SMITH.

EAGLE MOBBED BY ROOKS.

The grey, or hoodie, crow is the hereditary enemy of the eagle, and lets no opportunity slip of giving the larger bird its unwelcome attentions; but it was only a few days ago that I first saw the king of birds being mobbed by a number of rooks. The incident occurred in the wild country near the march between Aberdeen and Perth, where the eagle still nests, and where also rooks appear to be more numerous than is usually the case on high moorlands. An excellent view of the eagle was had, and of the rooks stooping repeatedly at him from a considerable height. It was noticed, however, that the assailants were none too anxious to come to close quarters, for as often as not they swooped at the outspread wings of the eagle, well out of reach of the formidable bill and talons. As is—so far as my experience goes—invariably the case on these occasions, the eagle ignored completely his smaller adversaries, and as he sailed up the corrie towards his eyrie, the rooks gave up the attack and volplaned down to the heather. A number of hoodies which attacked a young eagle in mid-October were more successful, as after a time the assaulted bird was forced to take shelter in a fir tree. For some minutes, as he perched on the branches, he was stooped at repeatedly by the grey crows; but as these attacks were unsuccessful in causing him to take flight, the hoodies abandoned these tactics, leaving the eagle standing quite motionless on a dead branch.

I may mention that there has recently been observed in the Forest of Gaick an eagle, presumably a hen bird, of quite unusual size. I saw the bird on one occasion, and, even at the considerable height at which she was soaring, the exceptional spread of wing was at once evident. As in most birds of prey, the hen is of considerably larger size than the cock, and a wing-spread of ten feet and over has been recorded in this country, while eight feet is, I believe, the maximum wing-spread recorded in the case of the male bird.

SETON GORDON.

OCCURRENCE OF THE CAROLINA CRAKE IN THE ISLAND OF LEWIS, OUTER HEBRIDES.

On November 12th an immature male of the Carolina crake (*Porzana carolina*) was killed by Mr. A. Blaine in a bog near Ness, Stornoway, and forwarded in the flesh to the Natural History Museum. As this is only the fourth known instance of the occurrence of this American species in the British Isles, it is of special interest to ornithologists. The three previous records are as follows: (1) An adult, killed by Mr. H. S. Eyre on the Kennet, near Newbury, Berks, in October, 1864; (2) a specimen taken near Cardiff in 1888; and (3) an immature male, shot by Mr. E. Lort-Phillips on the Island of Tiree on October 25th, 1901. The specimen now recorded was forwarded as an example of the spotted crake (*Porzana porzana*), but immature examples of the two species, though bearing a general resemblance, are easily distinguished. In the spotted crake the brown neck and mantle are profusely marked with small spots of white, whereas in the Carolina crake these parts are uniform brown, and there is a black patch on the middle of the crown of the head. Mr. Blaine's specimen from Lewis has been made into a skin and will be added to the National Collection, which also contains the first and third examples mentioned.

W. R. OGILVIE GRANT.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

JACKDAW MATING WITH ROOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Noticing one day an unusual commotion in a rookery close to the house in which I was living, I settled down to watch for the cause of the disturbance with the aid of a pair of field-glasses. The unusual excitement of the rooks, who were wheeling about above the nests and cawing noisily, at first suggested the presence of raiding carrion-crows. But the storm centre of the scene soon emerged in the shape of a jackdaw, whose smaller size and unmistakable "chack-chack" made him readily distinguishable among his larger neighbours. And a battered and disreputable jackdaw he looked, with feathers missing from wings and tail, but an indomitable warrior withal, for the moment his foes left him breathing space, he would dart into a nest near that which he had apparently appropriated, and, rapidly extracting a portion of its lining, he carried it back "to theek his ain," as our Scotch gardener expressed it. In this unprincipled occupation he was ably abetted by his mate—and here we come to the point of real interest to ornithologists. The mate was not a jackdaw, but a rook. This devoted helpmeet received the stolen goods at the nest side, and together the two thieves worked them into their home. With imperturbable



DISPLAY OF THE SUN BITTERN.

effrontery the jackdaw continued his depredations day by day, in spite of repeated assaults from his victims. Then his mate began to sit regularly on the nest, while her ill-assorted partner mounted guard beside her. After she had been sitting for two or three days I sent an under-gardener, who was an expert climber, up the tree to see whether there were any eggs under her. To my intense chagrin he found her seated dead upon the empty nest. The same day the jackdaw disappeared from the rookery.—AUSPEX.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "DEBATABLE LAND."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—COUNTRY LIFE, in the review of Messrs. Andrew and John Lang's book of the Border, rightly quoted the passage wherein Andrew Lang disclosed his true Scots heart: "This is the difference between us of the North and you of the South. Along the Border line my heart, so to speak, bleeds at Halidon and Homildon hills, where our men made a frontal attack, outflanked on either hand by lines of English archers, and left heaps as high as a lance's length of corpses on corpses (as at Dupplin); but an Englishman passes Bannockburn 'more than usual calm,' and no more rejoices on the scene of the victories of his ancestors than he is conscious of their defeats. Pinkie is nothing to him, and a bitter regret to us!" This is very true, for probably only one Englishman in ten could give even an approximately correct date to Flodden Field, whereas in Scotland it is a deathless sorrow. That lovely lament, "The Flowers of the Forest," of Miss Jean Elliot was written at the end of the eighteenth century, and the quaint Scots doctor in Carlisle, who used but the two drugs camomile and laudanum, retorted to Sir Walter Scott's jesting query as to their result: "Awel, it will tak' a lang time before they mak' up for Flodden." Now, the Lowland Scot being of the same breed as the Southern or Northumbrian Borderer, one is fain to ask, "How has this difference been brought about?" It was chiefly due to the persecutions of Edward I., Henry VIII. and the Protector Somerset, for the Scots "hardened their hearts" like Pharaoh and would not let their old traditions "go." Add to this formative influence that of Calvin and John Knox, and you will have your explanation. This same tenacity of the Scots is the reason why this Border book of Mr. Andrew Lang's is so very unsatisfactory to the Southern Borderer. There is a "lament" at the end of Chapter XVII. that space will not permit of the authors dealing with—the fascinating subject of the Roman wall, of Birdoswald camp, of Lanercost, and of Gilsland, with its memories of Sir Walter." The Northumbrian and Cumbrian Borderer will ask himself as he reads this, "Has Flodden, after all, been fought in vain? Have the 'proud Scottes' the same 'high stomach' as of old?" The answer, of course, is "Yes," and the result is that the whole Border country is regarded as being Scotch, and the Tweed as a broader and a holier river than the Ganges! There is a further defect in the book, which is that the *literary* Border is depicted rather than the real, historical Border, which ran not by Tweed so much as by the Northumbrian Cheviots, from Berwick to Carlisle. This is the bare land that Washington Irving did not like, but which Sir Walter Scott loved. "I gazed about me for a time in mute surprise, I may almost say, with disappointment; I beheld a mere succession of grey, waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile." Sir Walter, however, thus replied: "It may be pertinacity," said he at length, "but to my eye these grey hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land: it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it." It is this Border that should have been treated and described rather than the valley of the Tweed with all its late angling associations, which, after all, was the subject dealt with by Sir Herbert Maxwell in his "Story of the Tweed."

The result is a volume that will be beloved of the motorist and the American tourist, for it deals with the "Highways" and not the "Byways" of the Border. Yet it was in the byways that Sir Walter "made himself," as, for example, in the "swires" of Liddesdale, where he hunted like Bahram and, like Jamsbyd, "gloried and drank deep." The famous "Debatable Land"—bone of contention through the centuries—is summarily and very inaccurately disposed of on page 403 in five words. Throughout the entire book there is no mention of Rymer's *Foedera*, nor any allusion to the "*Leges Marchiarum*." Now, what was the second article of the first of the Border Laws as agreed to by the twelve knights of England and twelve of Scotland in the year of grace 1249? "Secondly, they asserted that all men between Totness in England and Caithness in Scotland can rightly—according to the customs of the said realms—be called to the marches for combat, with the exception of the kings of the said realms and of the Bishops of Saint Andrew and Dunkeld (or Durham?). Add to this the stern Border Law that a Scot might not bear witness against an Englishman nor an Englishman against a Scot—in the early days proof being only admitted "by the body of a man"—and you will have the making of the true Borderers. The "Song of the Sword" is well sung by Mr. Lang in his account of Otterburn, Flodden and the Raid of the Reidswire, but one longs for an account of the raid and the foray of old, the riding out "light" and the return "heavy," of the watch and ward "endlong the Border" from Berwick to Carlisle—by the fords at night and the heights by day—and of the bale or beacon fires that every pele had to fire upon "warning" of the enemy's coming—"and in time of warfare, the Beaken, as is devised, that is ever in Weir, and in Peace, the watch to be kept on the House-head and in the Weir the Beacon in the Firepan to be kept and never fail burning, so long as the Englishmen remain in Scotland; and with ane Bell to be on the Head of the Firepan, which shall ring whenever the Fray is, or that the watchman seeing the thieves disobedient come over the water of Annand, or thereabout, and knows them to be enemies."

The mention of Annand in the above quotation from the Appendix to the "Border Laws" reminds one that there is very little mention of the Scots modern names—nothing about Solway, the Maxwell and Johnstone feud, the "Lockesly Lick," Repentance Tower or Caerlaverock, but this is not so serious an omission as the neglect of the main feature of the lives of the Borderers through some three centuries. What a game it was and how well it was played is shown by the tale of the Robsons of North Tynedale, who once ran their foray against the Elliots and Armstrongs of Liddesdale to "larn them that the neist time gentlemen came to tak' their sheep they were no to be scabbit."

"In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear!"

"Word" is the heraldic phrase for "motto," as, of course, Sir Walter knew, and the story of the Charlton Spur and the empty larder emphasises once again the pleasure and the business of the Borderer. The occupation has, indeed,

gone, but the spirit remains. Witness last March, when, near Bellingham, at the Border, North Tyne and Liddesdale Point-to-Point, six English Borderers rode against six Scots—Robsons *versus* Elliots as of old—and among the English the present High Sheriff of Northumberland.

"For here be some have pushed as far
On Scottish ground as to Dunbar:
Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale,
Harried the wives of Greenlaws goods
And given them light to see their hoods."

—SOUTHERN BORDERER.

THE PIECEMEAL SOLUTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—A Hampshire experiment bears out the argument of your leader in last week's issue. About two years ago the Medical Officer of Health for the Basingstoke Union, in his Annual Report to the Local Government Board, wrote of a shortage of cottages in the Basingstoke Union. The Government, noticing this paragraph, wrote to the Basingstoke Rural District Council asking what steps were being taken. No steps were taken at that time, and a second letter followed from the Government six months afterwards. As a result of this letter, on the proposition of Mr. Wilfred Buckley, the Councillor representing Preston Candover, a form of enquiry was sent to each one of the Parish Councils in the Union, asking certain questions, among others, as to whether there was a shortage of cottages. When this enquiry was considered at a meeting of the Preston Candover Parish Council, that Council decided that in their opinion the first step towards improving the housing accommodation of that village ought to be that the Rural District Council should build cottages for its roadmen and that the County Council should build a cottage for its policeman. A general meeting of ratepayers was then called to consider the subject, and they endorsed this view. The Parish Council then asked the Rural District Council and the County Council to build cottages on these suggestions. The County Council refused. The Rural District Council, when considering the matter, said that they would be willing to build cottages for their roadmen in Preston Candover, but that the cost must fall on that village. Before doing so, they must, however, by law obtain the permission of the Local Government Board. They wrote to the Local Government Board, and in reply received a letter stating that they would not permit such a charge to be put on the village of Preston Candover, but that such a charge must be borne by the Highways Authority, that is, the Rural District Council. The Rural District Council then at a meeting decided to do nothing. Upon learning this the Preston Candover Parish Council applied to the Local Government Board, as desired by the Act of Parliament, stating that the Rural District Council had not performed their duties. The Local Government Board then sent a copy of this correspondence to the Rural District Council, who at the last moment decided that they would hold an enquiry. At this enquiry it was pointed out to them by the Chairman of the Parish Council that their enquiry was of no particular interest to anyone unless the enquiry was conducted in such a way as to be approved by the Preston Candover Parish Council and unless their findings were in agreement with those of the Preston Candover Parish Council. At the next meeting of the Rural District Council the Chairman of the Rural District Council announced that they found a shortage of cottages at Preston Candover, and they recommended that two cottages be built by the Rural District Council for the use of their roadmen. The Parish Council has again addressed itself to the County Council and pointed out that the Rural District Council has confirmed the shortage of cottages, and asking that the County Council build their own cottage for their policeman, which would not only provide one more cottage in the village, but would relieve the ratepayers, inasmuch as the rent at present paid by the County Council for a cottage in Preston Candover is greatly in excess of the interest on the capital necessary to build a new cottage together with a fund for depreciation.—X.

ECONOMY AND TASTE IN COTTAGE BUILDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—With reference to cob cottages, which are well known to be comfortable to live in, and the materials for building which are generally so abundant, I believe, there are very few men to be found nowadays who will build them, as cob-building is hard work and messy. The method of construction is as follows: The base of the building is of brick or stone or flints in cement to a foot above ground-level and at least two feet in width. The cob is made by mixing clay and straw with sufficient water to get it to the right consistency. It is generally mixed at the edge of a pond, a horse being used to tread the clay and straw together. A course of about a foot in depth is then laid on the top of the base wall and trodden firmly down, beginning at one corner of the building and following right round, so that by the time this is finished the cob first laid on the wall is hard enough to receive the next course, and so on. After the wall is brought up to the required height the surface is pared off and generally plastered. Window and door openings are left in the cob, and the lintels over were generally of oak and a yard longer than the width of the opening to give a good bearing. These would be better in concrete I should think. Fireplaces and chimney stacks were in stone or brick, but the stacks might very well be built in cob round fireclay flue pipes. There is, however, another method of building cob which has many advantages and would be easier to revive—I mean clay lumps. I have seen this method in operation in Norfolk, and I have no doubt it is fairly often used in many parts of the Eastern Counties. The cob is made in the same way as before described, and is then pressed into moulds of the well-known form. The mould is put on the ground, the clay pressed into it, and the top scraped off level with a board. The mould is then lifted, leaving the clay lump on the ground. After a week's hardening the lumps are stacked in the same way as bricks before burning to dry, and are used about three weeks after making. The size is generally 15 in. by 9 in. by 6 in., and they can, therefore, be easily and quickly built into a wall, jointing them in clay. Internal gip. walls can also be made with them. The advantage over

the ordinary cob is that any ordinary man can soon learn to build with these lumps and to make them. I believe, but am not sure, that some cottages have been built of this material on Sir Walter Gilbey's estate near Bishop's Stortford, in which case, no doubt, his agent could give further particulars.—NORMAN JEWSON.

GERMAN ARMY REMOUNTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the exceedingly interesting article in your last issue on German Army remounts, the enclosed very rough sketches, torn from my notebook of types sketched last year in Germany, may be of interest, if something is allowed for the roughness of the drawings and for insular prejudice. I think you will agree with me, the German Army horse is not a very remarkable animal. The general impression they give (to a hunting man) is that the horses are all too light and weedy for the big men and innumerable accoutrements they have to carry; this is particularly so in the Uhlan and Hussar regiments. They certainly are a "racy-looking animal," as Baroness van Rotberg states, but they struck me as more suitable for five furlong dashes than carrying cavalry soldiers, who weigh not far off twenty stone with arms, ammunition and accoutrements. With reference "to some of them having passed the criterion of an English horse show well," they did so, I fancy, on their superior "school work and breaking," not on their points. The German Army transport struck me as the best mounted branch, being on or driving very big, powerful, serviceable-looking animals; they stand a bit high off the ground for our ideas of a draught animal, but otherwise are a very useful type.—LIONEL EDWARDS.

SQUASH RACKETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In my article on "Squash Rackets" in last week's COUNTRY LIFE I failed to refer to the pace of the ball which should be used in a modern standardised court. Now that the courts have been standardised, *i.e.*, thirty feet long by twenty-one feet wide, it is most important to get the right-paced ball for this sized court. It is a great mistake to play with too fast a ball. The ignorant player imagines it makes the game more like rackets. The bounce of the racket ball, however fast, is always near the level of the floor, whereas a fast squash ball bounces almost shoulder high, so the expert player is robbed of his "drop" strokes and the average and poor player is prevented from indulging in a long rally, which is the chief delight of the game to the very great majority of players. The best ball for a standard size court is one with a small hole in it, about one and five-eighths inches. It is black all through and has no "ear" in it to get loose and rattle inside the ball after playing with it for a short time, like the solid ball. It is supplied by Messrs. Wisden and Co. of Cranbourne Street, W., the well known sports manufacturers. This ball applies to the standard size courts. For anyone who builds a court forty feet by twenty-five feet or has the return board six inches from the ground the fast ball is possible; but play with it is not squash rackets in the best sense of the game.—G. J. V. WEIGALL.

MILLEFIORI GLASS LETTER-WEIGHTS, ETC.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "Interested," I should like to say that Mr. Apsley Pellatt, in his "Curiosities of Glass Making," published in 1849, deals with the above. They are also mentioned in "Sauzey's Marvels of Glass-Making," published in 1870, and in other works. Of late millefiori have been in great demand by collectors, and spurious imitations are often palmed off on unsuspecting buyers. The public should be warned against these counterfeits. The *Art Journal* of November, 1848, refers to Mr. Bacchus, "an eminent glass manufacturer of Birmingham," as having produced some "Millefiori which deserved special notice," but the finest examples undoubtedly came from Venice and from France in the forties. I believe there is a fine collection in the Fry family at Bristol.—A. J. P.

FLOWERS IN NOVEMBER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having just been round our garden taking note of the flowers in it (November 13th), I thought it might be of interest if I sent you the list: Valerian, wallflower, passion flower, roses (four kinds), chrysanthemums, primroses (yellow), lobelias, geraniums, alyssum, antirrhinums, Campanula Attica, hollyhocks, aubrietia, daisy, tobacco, feverfew, dandelion, nasturtium, marigold, night-scented stock, Brompton stock, purple-tipped clary, love-in-a-must, silene, godetia, petunia, heliotrope, cornflower, winter jasmine and begonia. The purple-tipped clary, tobacco, antirrhinum, Brompton stock and passion flower are blooming profusely, the rest having good flowers, but not so many of them. The garden is high, with the winds blowing through it, which have been very strong and frequent lately. Is it not unusual to see aubrietia, alyssum, primroses and chrysanthemums blooming at the same time? The Michaelmas daisies are quite out of bloom.—E. A. D. H., Isle of Wight.

IVY AND FLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Two or three days after reading the letters in COUNTRY LIFE about flies and ivy, I came across, in Besant's "Eulogy of Richard Jefferies" the following from Jefferies' notes: "Oct. 16th, 1878. Wasp and very large blue-fly struggling, wrestling on leaf. In a few seconds wasp got the mastery, brought his tail round and stung twice or thrice." (Then comes a minute description of the battle.) "This was one of those large black flies—a little blue underneath—not like meat flies, but bigger and squarer, that go to the ivy. Ivy in bloom close by, where, doubtless, the robber found his prey and seized it." Eight days ago these "square" flies had been busy on the flowers of the ivy which grows on this house, a fall of the stamens taking place at the same time, as if the fly had bitten them across. There is a peculiarity of ivy not connected with other berried plants, as far as I know. It blossoms in the winter and has berries in spring. The berries are at their best in March, though Jefferies mentions he notices the berries on February 22nd of the same year; but Coate, being so much further South, accounts for this. The berries also reverse the order of things, for instead of being bright outwardly, as holly, pernettya, haws, etc., they keep their beauties hidden under a dark green skin. If cut or peeled, the seed is coral or pomegranate beneath.—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.



GERMAN OFFICER, COBLENTZ.

Weedy blood horse, weak in the hocks, long in the back. Both officers and men look too big for their horses.



OBER-LIEUTENANT OF HUSSARS.

Typical long-backed weedy charger.



BIG, POWERFUL HORSE.

Standing too high off ground, long in the legs, long in the back, and with sloping quarters.

TOOL SHEDS ON ALLOTMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you or one of your readers would give me information as to the best size and cheapest form of construction for tool-sheds on allotment grounds. Though this is a simple matter, still, the experience of others is certain to be of great assistance in arriving at the best design. Ranges of ten or twelve sheds constructed of wood with corrugated iron roofs are contemplated, each allotment holder to have his own securely locked shed. If allotment holders are allowed to provide such sheds for themselves, the result is a collection of unsightly shanties of all sizes and materials, which ruin the appearance of the field.—A CONSTANT READER OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

[Perhaps some reader has some experience in the designing of suitable sheds. Corrugated iron sounds unpleasant. Could not weather-boarding be used for the roofs?—ED.]

ROAD MAKING THROUGH A WOODLAND SWAMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph illustrates the method adopted in making a road through a wood where the ground is swampy. The boughs of small trees are broken into short lengths and laid transversely to the direction of the road on each side, just where the wheels of a cart would pass, the space in the centre being left clear for the horses to walk along. The wheels gradually grind the branches into the surface of the road, and in time it becomes comparatively firm, thus preventing the cartwheels sinking into the clay, etc. It is surprising what a good, firm road can thus be made.—

JOHN ARCHER.

"REASON OR INSTINCT."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—A recent COUNTRY LIFE had a letter and photograph of a dog unlatching a gate as an example of "reason or instinct." A neighbour of mine has an old tom cat anxious to sleep where his presence was objected to, and the door was formally closed and latched each night. In the morning the door was as regularly found open, and unmistakable evidences of puss were found in the shape of feet marks and fur. The cat had several times at night been surprised near the same door, and the only conclusion is that reason or instinct prompted him to spring up and touch the latch with his



BOUGHS AS ROAD METAL.



A SIGHT TO HAVE DELIGHTED ST. FRANCIS.

paw. Not until the door was secured at the top did his visits cease. The latch is four feet six inches from the bottom of the door.—H. R. HEMSWORTH.

FEEDING THE SACRED PIGEONS IN MOSCOW.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—One of the familiar sights of Moscow is that of peasant women feeding a large flock of pigeons outside the Cathedral of St. Basil the Blessed. The Russian people regard these birds as sacred on account of the place of the dove in ecclesiastical symbolism. Mr. W. Barnes Stevens, however, suggests in "Things Seen in Russia" that "many of these holy birds find their way into the pies of the unbelieving foreigner, in the large towns, where

they are sold as *rapchicks* (wood-grouse)." The wall of the Kremlin appears in the photograph.—C. H. DICK.

DISTRIBUTION OF QUAIL IN ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been prevented by illness from regularly reading some recent numbers of COUNTRY LIFE, but looking over some back issues I see that Mr. Bryden suggests that I might be able to give information as to the distribution of quail in England at the present time. It so happens that I have seen quail, in the shooting season, at places so widely apart in Great Britain, and in climates so different, as North Devon and Forfarshire, but I think that they are only casual visitors to either of these districts, and probably this is their habit in most other places of their resort in our island. There is, so far as my little knowledge goes, only one locality where the birds nest with regularity, and that is—I do not care to give a very precise definition of the spot—along the valley of the Test in Hampshire, or perhaps I should rather say, on some higher ground above the valley. The collectors of birds' eggs are so many and the legal protection so inadequate that one has reason to regret it if one gives too exact information about the nesting-place of birds that are at all local or uncommon.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

A CRIMEAN VETERAN'S OLD AGE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of "Soldier Johnny," who lives in Louth, near the far-famed "Aswell Springs," in a cottage with a stream rippling and dancing just outside the door and still bearing the name of the "Monks Dyke," once regarded by the monks of St. Mary's Abbey and the inhabitants of Louth with great veneration. This old Crimean veteran is known as "Soldier Johnny" beyond the county of Lincolnshire, and though he is more than ninety-six and stone deaf, he still retains an immense amount of martial enthusiasm. Little or nothing is known about his birth; he thinks he was born in a village near Louth, but he was brought up at Jersey, after living a short while at Exeter, and from Jersey he secretly decamped and was apprenticed to the master of a small craft, but his adventurous spirit urged him to leave the sea, and he enlisted in the Army in Northumberland. He was called into action in 1840 in the West Indies, and when we drifted into the Crimean War in 1854 he saw active service in the battles of the Alma, Balaclava and Inkerman. He has wandered often and far on the surface of the globe and is thankful in his old age to rest in his quiet home.—C. MASON.



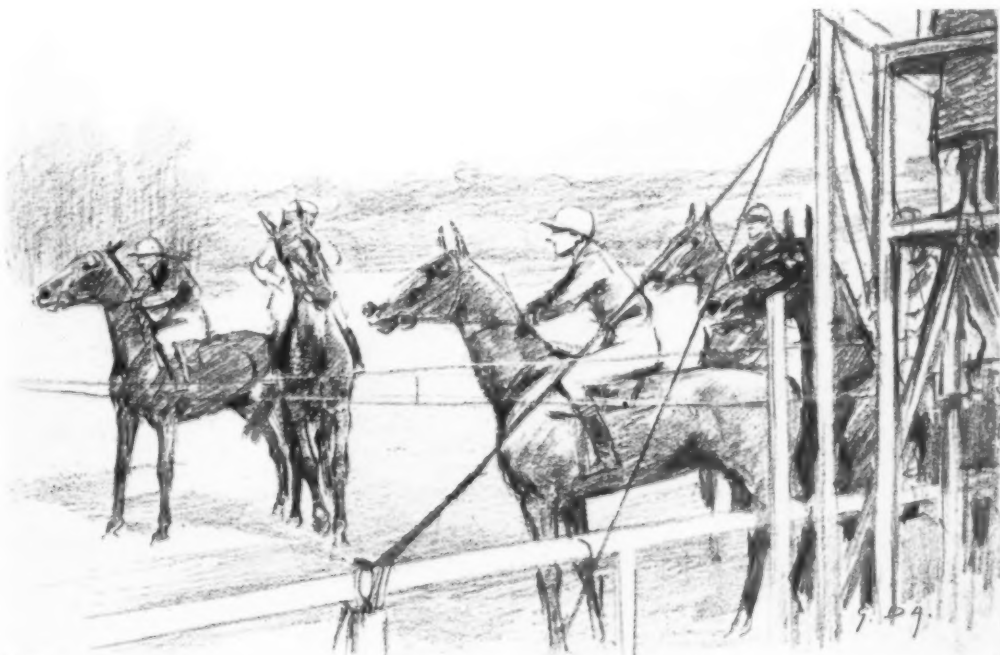
SOLDIER JOHNNY AT NINETY-SIX.

RACING NOTES



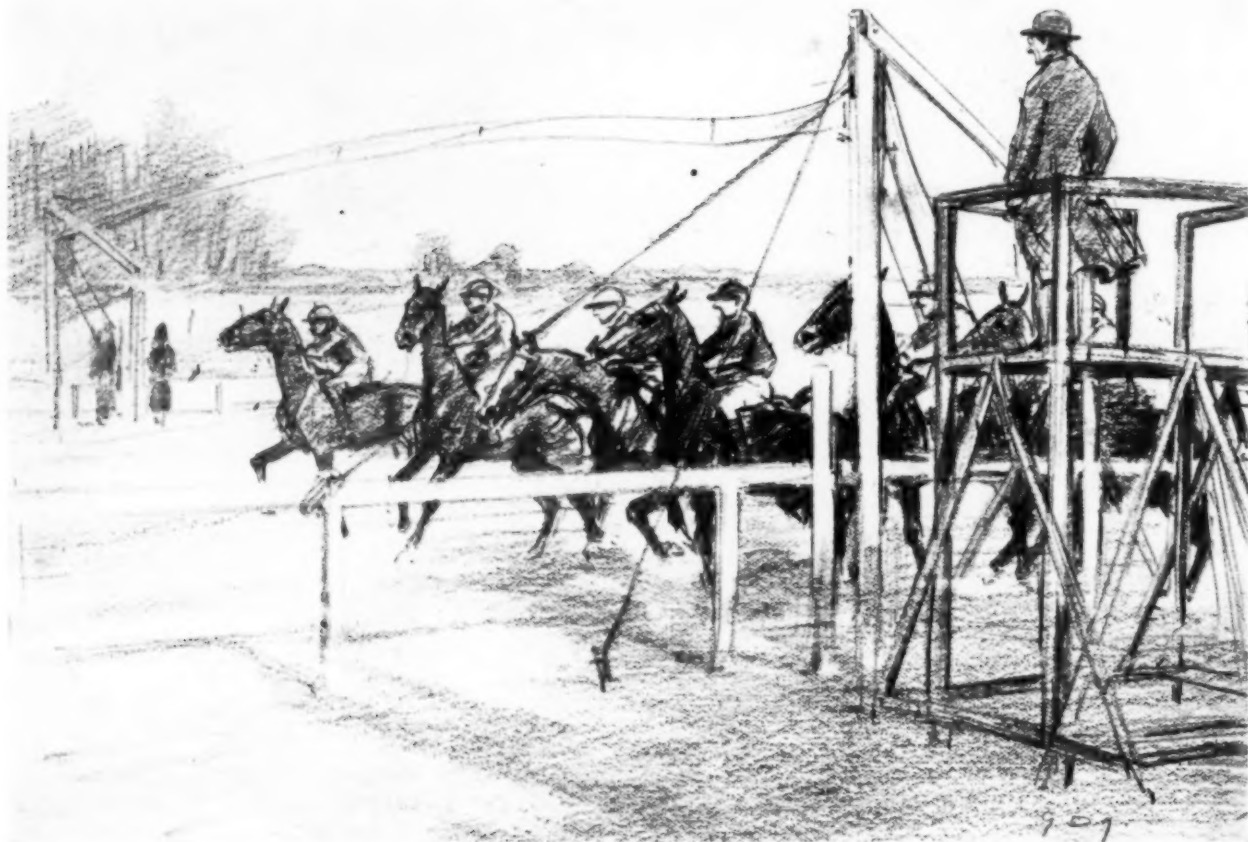
THE catalogue for this year's December Sales is of such dimensions that it will only be possible to deal with it briefly. Roughly speaking, the Messrs. Tattersall, in the course of the five days' sale, beginning at 10 a.m. on Monday, December 1st, will offer about twelve hundred head of bloodstock—or about two hundred and forty a day. Now, under the most favourable circumstances it is barely possible to get more than thirty lots per hour to pass through the ring, so then it would seem that to get through the catalogue there must be at least eight working hours each day. This is probably a very conservative estimate, and it is more than likely that one or other of the members of the firm of Tattersall will have to be in the rostrum from 9.30 in the morning till about seven o'clock in the evening—dark and dreary winter evenings, too. But the long hours will be far more severely felt by the public than by the auctioneers, who have at least the knowledge that a rich reward—somewhere about 12,000sovs. in all likelihood—awaits them at the end of their work, and it seems a pity that some scheme cannot be devised which would make for the greater comfort and convenience of buyers in general. Still, the Messrs. Tattersall know their own business, and inasmuch as the majority of people who have bloodstock to sell at this time of the year seem always anxious to secure a place in the catalogue, there seems to be little chance of a change in the plan of operations—desirable though such change undoubtedly is in the opinion of a great many people whose business or pleasure it is to attend these sales. I might, by the way, mention that at last year's December Sales the 660 lots sold realised 240,549 guineas, an enormous advance on the selling of the previous year—the highest up to then—when 553 lots were sold for 180,500 guineas or thereabouts. Whether the result of this year's sales will show another upward movement in the bloodstock market remains to be seen. Reports are favourable, decidedly so; but on the other hand, it may well be that in the present state of affairs, social, industrial and political, the money-spending classes will deem it advisable to exercise considerable caution. Even so, it may be taken for granted, I think, that for really well bred—fashionably bred—stock plenty of money will be forthcoming. Now for the Monday catalogue. Here I note that Forfarshire is to be sold, together with the other bloodstock owned by the late Mr. B. A. Brice. Forfarshire was foaled in 1897, but he has over thirty living foals this season, so that buyers need not fear that age has in any way diminished his power as a sire; they will, too, bear in mind that he has got such stock as Braxted, Mercutio, Irish Demon, Bannockburn and others, and they will doubtless note among the mares a young half-sister, by Forfarshire, to William the Third as likely to become a very valuable brood mare. Mr. J. Unzue, a plucky and liberal buyer of bloodstock, is now a seller, for he is sending up two brood mares, both bred in France and both possessed of an attractive pedigree. One is Clochette 7 by Flying Fox out of Canobie Lea, a winner and dam of Cavallo, and believed to be in foal to Your Majesty. The other Palmetta, a grey mare by Palmiste out of Quilda 10, by Gamin, son of Hermit. She is believed to be in foal to Cyllene, last service March 6th. Distinct

possibilities as a brood mare there are in Mr. J. P. Hornung's three year old Windswept by Galloping Lad out of The Broom, one of the few mares in the Stud Book tracing to Queen Mary through Blink Bonny. Another promising brood mare is, I think, Lord Decies' four year old filly Agnate, by Forfarshire out of Mariposa, by Martagon. Then I note a "lot" that really looks like being a high-priced one—Sir E. Schiff's Lœlia, winner of two races, and by Gallinule out of Edmée (dam of Perola), by Juggler. She is covered by Sunstar, and believed to be in foal to that good horse. In the same ownership is Castelline, winner of races, a beautifully bred five year old by Cyllene out of Cursine, a French-bred mare by Xaintrailles out of Cornflower by Roseberry. Her filly foal by John O'Gaunt is retained, and she is believed to be in foal to Willonyx, last service June 17th. I have not seen the mares sent up by Mr. H. S. Gray from the Gog Magog Stud, but among them I note the breeding of Paciencia, by Bill of Portland out of Lady Egremont, by Bend Or, as being a pedigree likely to nick with Arizona (a Herod horse), to whom she is believed to be in foal, and by whom she has a filly foal at foot. On Tuesday buyers will have an opportunity for dipping into the famous Eton blood, for the Duke of Westminster is sending up half a dozen young mares. Described as the property of a well known breeder are two French-bred mares—Bethanie, by Le Samaritain (sire of Roi Herode) out of Babillaide (winner of races), and Verge D'Or, by Ayrshire out of Golden Iris, by Bend Or. Both these mares are believed to be in foal to Rock Sand (sire of Tracery). Lord Michelham is sending up a couple of nicely bred mares, both covered by Sunstar; they are Concertina, by St. Simon out of Comic Song, by Petrarch, and Miss Pinkie, by St. Frusquin out of Edmée (dam of Perola). In Mr. B.



THE STARTING GATE DOWN.

Dalglish's lot of nine I notice Perimeter by Persimmon out of Vane (sister to Flying Fox). She has been mated with Fowling Piece, and her pedigree offers an interesting problem to students of breeding—a problem which, successfully solved, would, I think, be productive of excellent results. Next were the desirable lots—Princess Sonia, a young mare by Orion (by Bend Or out of Shot-over) out of Lady Susan (winner and dam of winners), due to foal to Bayardo on January 15th, and with a colt foal by Collar at foot; the other "lot" comes up, with others from the Stockwell Stud, Kreuzbrunn (dam of Charlton), a well bred mare by Ladas



THE GATE RELEASED.

out of *La Croise Dorée*, by *Bend Or*; she has a colt foal by *Flotsam* at foot, and is believed to be safe in foal to *Sunstar* (last service May 12th). From the *Bishopscourt Stud*, *Kildare*, Lord Clonmel is sending up three well bred mares—*Gravosa*, by *Orme* out of *Gravitation* (own sister to *William the Third*), covered by *Polymelus*, and due to foal March 3rd; *Lady Graveais*, a young mare by *Martagon* out of *Sainte Nitouche*, by *St. Simon*, due to foal to *The White Knight* on April 19th; and *Diamantée* (a winner and dam of a winner—her first foal), by *Diamond Jubilee* out of *Yesterling*. This mare is sister in blood to *Ouadi Halfa*, winner of the *French Two Thousand Guineas*, and is due to foal to *The White Knight* on February 23rd. All three are well worth inspection. The performances of *Jest*, winner of this year's *One Thousand Guineas* and the *Oaks*, will serve to draw attention to Mr. Donald Fraser's *Sunkiss*, by *Sir Geoffrey* or *Sundridge* (the latter is accepted) out of *Absurdity* (dam of *Jest*); her colt foal—retained—is by *Dark Ronald*, to whom she is due to foal on April 7th. Lord Carnarvon is offering eight mares, among them the eight year old *Faskally* (winner of races and dam of *Rohallion*), by *Orme* out of *Tights*, by *Timothy*; she is covered by *Llangibby*—last service May 1st. In the same lot, too, I notice *Valenza*—foaled in 1898—dam of *Valens*—covered by *Colin*, and *Fairy Martin* (dam of *Charmeuse* and *Lady Eileen*), by *Martagon*, and covered by *Land League*. Of the brood mares coming up—to dissolve partnership—from the *Six Mile Bottom Stud*, I like the breeding of *Royal Anne*, by *Royal Hampton* out of *Iceland Moss*, by *Isinglass*; she has a colt foal by *Thrush*, and has been covered by *Minoru*. Anyone on the look-out for a likely brood mare would do well to look at the three two year old fillies, *Canty Lass*, *Brissette* and *Caviare*, sent up by Mr. J. H. Hoole; and I note, too, the breeding of the five year old mare, *Gluepot*—“the property of a gentleman”—by *Santry* out of *Glucose*, by *Melton* out

of *Glue*, by *Isinglass* out of *Satchel*, by *Galopin* out of *Quiver*.

I much regret that Mr. Armour's splendid sketches of starts and the starting-gate were not available last week; but a good thing is never out of place. TRENTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

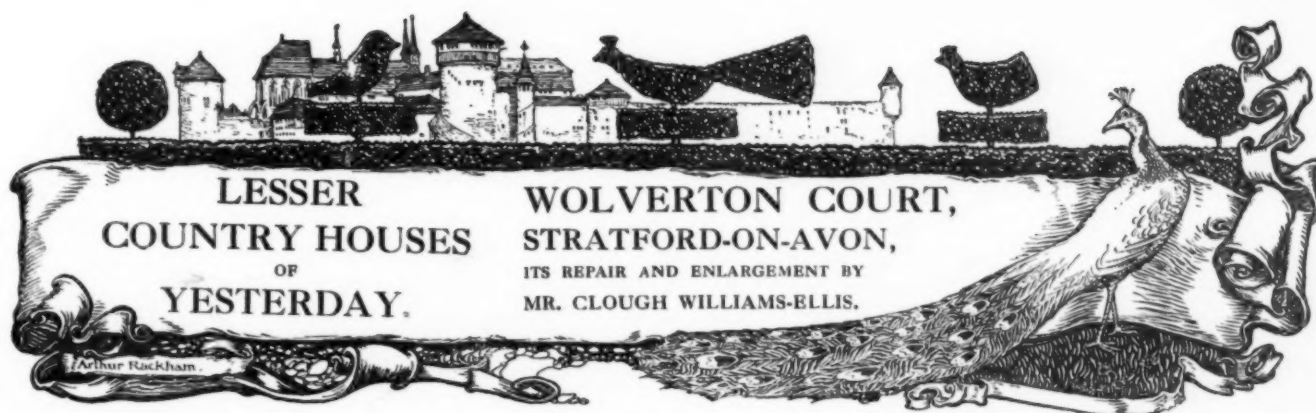
STARTING OF RACES.

SIR,—A great deal has been written lately in regard to unsatisfactory starts during the flat racing season now closing, and as the matter is one which, I venture to think, is very little understood by the public generally, or, for the matter of that, by many of those who attend race meetings, I am sending you some sketches of the actual scene with the idea that such may be of interest.

There must be many frequenters of the race-course who have practically never seen a start, unless by chance it has taken place, as does sometimes happen, generally in the case of long races, near the stands, and then they would probably see little of the detail of what takes place. The starting of races has always been a matter of interest to me personally, as affording an opportunity of seeing at close quarters a field of horses, when one has a better chance of doing so than in the fleeting glimpses afforded by the run in at a finish. My experience, such as it is, dates from a time long before the introduction of the “gate,” and it has always struck me that, given the talent and knowledge, which, I take it, is possessed by most of the licensed starters, that personal influence and authority over the jockeys has everything to do with obtaining satisfactory starts. The whole trouble lies in the fact that the jockeys are naturally bent on “stealing a bit,” and the slightest relaxing of the authority possessed by the starter leads to a development of this, to the detriment of fair starts. When, however, the lads know that a disregard of the first warning word from the starter will be followed by a penalty, administered without fear or favour, their behaviour is much improved. Ample powers given to the starter, and the will to administer the law firmly, has a good deal more to do with good starts than stewards, “gates” or anything else. Horses always were sometimes left at the post, and always will be, especially since the introduction of the “monkey seat.” If necessary, increase the starter's powers, and be sure that he is one to exercise those powers. It is a “one man job,” and requires much knowledge and judgment, and to multiply the authorities by the addition of stewards or other officials only complicates matters.—G. DENHOLM ARMOUR



THE STARTER'S BOX.



WOLVERTON COURT is like the legendary happy nation—it has no

history except what its fabric and some stray legends reveal. That it was once the house of a manor is suggested by its name of court, and it is said that the manorial courts were held in what is now the school-room, in the old half-timbered wing. Since the days of its larger dignity it had been used for a long time as a farmhouse, and at the beginning of the nineteenth century a new block, comfortable but bald, was built on higher ground. It was connected but feebly with the original house, which was probably of late in the sixteenth century. The misfortune of disrepair culminated not many years ago in the worse trouble of an attempt to turn it into an up-to-date villa, but luckily the orgy of "restoration" had abated before they touched the early house, the back of which tailed off into frank ruin. The garden was a distressing sight. The



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WOLVERTON COURT: FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

lawn had become a speckled wilderness of shrubs, but they had not grown enough to make their expulsion a difficult task. Serpentine paths of slag and white spar needed a greater vigour of removal, but that has been accomplished. The problem as it was presented to Mr. Williams-Ellis was somewhat perplexing. The approach was by a drive which curled across the south front of the house and cut up the garden, already none too large. A new approach was made through the old farm courtyard, and the buildings there were converted into stables, garage, workshop, gas and pump houses and the like. This change, valuable as it has been, involved considerable excavation and underpinning, because it meant the new entrance being about a foot below the level of the old cellar. Also, there was a considerable problem of design. There was no sort of relationship between the gaunt white century-old building on the one side and the black-and-white wing on the other. Instead of attempting to make an intermediate block which should possess any of the characteristics of either, Mr. Williams-Ellis wisely took a mean between their dates,



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ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH.

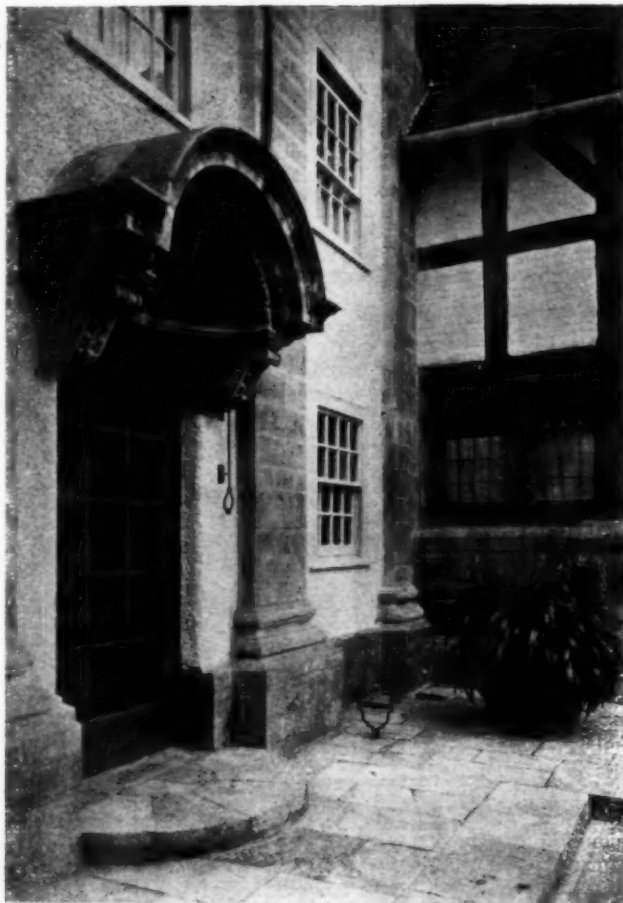
"COUNTRY LIFE."

He has built something urbane and dignified that recalls 1700, between picturesque 1600 and plain and practical 1800. The new work has its own character and is justified of it. The door hood and finial urns were made to his drawings in grey terra-cotta by Mrs. G. F. Watts' Potters' Art Guild at Compton, Surrey. They look very well and their cost was only a small proportion of what it would have been in stone. The piers and various dressings are in local stone. The entrance door brings us into a pleasant lower hall with the staircase rising on the left. The latter gives an echo of a famous building, because it was made of old oak timbers removed from the roof of the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, when it was reconstructed. The principal reception-rooms are on the first floor. The dining-room, now illustrated, was made out of the old kitchen scullery and back stairs, and formerly looked into the yard. The stones forming the present fireplace arch once served the same purpose in the old bakehouse, and were carefully marked before being taken down and rebuilt in their present place. The panelling was made of oak, which belonged to the partitions of an old attic. The interior of the old timber wing was in so deplorable a condition that it had to be reconstructed throughout, and the chimneys, as well as most of the windows, are wholly new. On the subject of houses



Copyright. THE NEW CONNECTING WING. "C.L."

altered to make them fit a new code of manners, Humphry Repton had something pertinent to say, rather more than a century ago. "When we look back a few centuries and compare the habits of former times with those of the present, we shall be apt to wonder at the presumption of any person who shall propose to build a house that may suit the next generation. Who, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, would have planned a library, a music-room, a billiard-room or a conservatory? . . . perhaps in future ages new rooms for new purposes will be deemed equally necessary?" This rhetorical question is, like many of its class, scarcely honest. If we fling back two instead of three centuries, to 1700 instead of 1600, the typical English house-plan is seen to be not markedly different from what it is to-day. It is true the conservatory was not thought of, but that was all to the good. Repton claimed that new rooms could never be added to a house of perfect symmetry, but reminded us that it is precisely to these additions that we owe the "magnificent irregularity and splendid intricacy" of Knole and Penshurst. He therefore sums up with the pronouncement that a plan cannot be good which will admit of no alteration, and that in a house of irregular character every subsequent addition will increase its importance. That is further than it seems needful to go. It is more reasonable

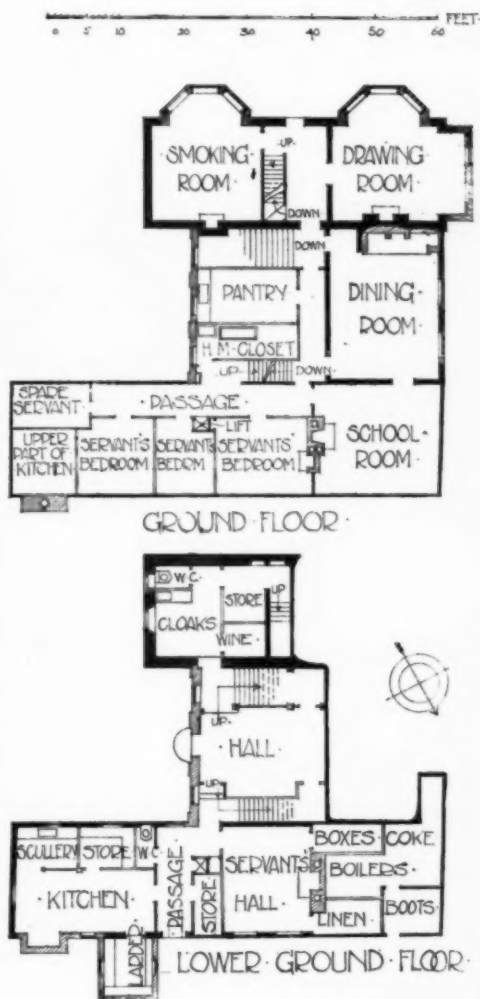


Copyright. WOLVERTON COURT: ENTRANCE DOOR. "C.L."

to say that if a plan is symmetrical at all, it is the best of its kind when it allows of additions which establish a new set of



Copyright. DINING-ROOM FIREPLACE. "C.L."



PLANS.

proportions of no less attractive a character than were afforded by the original design. When the problem is of the sort which faced Mr. Williams-Ellis at Wolverton Court, where there was no symmetry to spoil, but two unrelated blocks of building to be connected in a reasonable way, there is a greater freedom in the choice of treatment. That freedom has been used in a wise and personal way, with the result that the house is an interesting medley of three centuries, but comes out of it with an attractiveness of its own.

L. W.

ARCHITECTURE FOR CHILDREN.

Peeps at Architecture, by Phoebe Allen. (A. and C. Black.) MISS PHOEBE ALLEN, having peeped at architecture rather casually, has muttered eighty-six pages for the information of boys and girls. We lately reviewed "Architecture Shown to the Children," an admirable little book which was at once accurate and readable by small people. A good deal less can be said for the latest effort to interest the children. Too often it assumes a large knowledge. This reviewer remembers being impressed as a child with the idea of the "hanging gardens" of Babylon, and imagining something hung on chains from a palace wall. Such a phrase is worth an explanation, but none is forthcoming. It is rather a feat to describe the Pantheon at Rome and to omit a reference to its roof being open to the sky, which was, as Fergusson said, "by far the noblest conception for lighting a building to be found in Europe." Miss Allen has been reading Ruskin and the late Mr. Parker, but she has not even got right all the silly little facts about Gothic styles. Tudor architecture (1400-1550) is "the latest and most corrupt style of Gothic architecture known." It is very shocking, this style of Henry VII.'s Chapel, and Miss Allen must not credit it, as she does, with inventing the ball-flower, which she illustrates and calls "or Tudor flower." The two are very different and the ball-flower belongs to the Decorated Period which Miss Allen finds "grand." On the question of the Renaissance she is very firm. It was a bad business. Inigo Jones doubtless would have studied in Italy "under the great Palladio," as she says, but that master was in his resting grave when Jones was seven. We cannot believe that the Banqueting Hall of Whitehall Palace really "exists as the Chapel Royal." The author cannot have walked down Whitehall for at least twenty-three years. Miss Allen rejoices that Wren's plans for rebuilding London were not carried out. Also she compares Sir Christopher's lack of painstaking methods unfavourably with "our more modern Mr. Street, who made 3,000 copies with his own hand of his grand work, the Great Hall in the City of London," whatever



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THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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WOLVERTON COURT: THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that may mean. It is a great pity that such nonsense should be written to bemuse the minds of little people who can get a lot of pleasure out of buildings if they are presented sensibly and attractively.

"COUNTRY LIFE" COMPETITION DESIGNS.

BY the courtesy of the President and Council of the Architectural Association, the Designs submitted in the Competition held last spring for a House to be built at Forest Row, Sussex, will be exhibited at the Royal Architectural Museum, 18, Tufton Street, Westminster, from Monday, December 1st, to Saturday, December 6th, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. All readers of COUNTRY LIFE are invited to attend this Exhibition; there will be no charge for admission. Among the designs exhibited will be not only those to which prizes were awarded by the Jury of Assessors, but also a large number of others which were chosen by the assessors as likely to be of interest to the public, professional and lay. It will be remembered that the results of the competition were published in a special supplement to COUNTRY LIFE, issued on June 28th, 1913. Our readers who are more especially interested in architectural matters will doubtless be glad of this opportunity to visit the home of the Architectural Association, which has done such yeoman service in the cause of architectural education. The work of the Association is carried out in close conjunction with the Royal Institute of British Architects, and its educational system has lately been revised and extended on the most approved lines.



WILTSHIRE POLICE DOGS.

THE decision of the Wiltshire Standing Joint Committee to pay the licences of the Chief Constable's bloodhounds and other approved dogs kept by members of the Force to aid them in their duties will be welcomed as an act of equity. Probably the general sense of the community would go still further in considering that the whole cost of the animals working for the county should be borne by the rates. It is well known how useful Captain Hoël Llewellyn's bloodhounds have been in detecting the perpetrators of crimes not only in their own district, but in other counties as well. At the meeting of the Joint Committee in question, Captain Llewellyn made representations in favour of his men, pointing out that he had encouraged the officers to keep safe and trustworthy dogs for the purpose of accompanying them on their night patrols, at such hours as certain classes of people of loose character slept rough, while others were wandering about with felonious intent. The night dogs had proved most helpful in disclosing the whereabouts of such, who would otherwise have gone undetected. The moral effect had been a marked decrease in crimes and misdemeanours of a certain class, which meant a considerable saving to the county. It is satisfactory to hear this testimony to the worth of dogs, and by degrees we may expect to see an appreciation of their merits find expression in practical fashion in other parts of the country. Already several Chief Constables, vastly impressed by the capabilities of the Wiltshire hounds, are setting up some of

at rural petty sessions. While nothing will ever replace the bloodhound for serious tracking, because no other will hunt a strange line many hours cold with as much surety and freedom from change, as companions for constables on their nightly duties various other breeds are superior.



MRS. H. BEADON'S BRITOMART.

Any dog that has acuteness of nose and ear should take readily to this work; but I imagine it would take a good one to beat an Airedale or a Labrador. The latter, possibly more than any other, approaches the bloodhound in his scenting powers, and when carefully handled works no faster than his nose will allow him. Add to this

Club, somewhere about 1898, with his usual energy he overrode all objections to the practicability of field trials for this handy dog by bringing off a most successful meeting in January of the next year, and before long the Spaniel Club had followed suit. In the intervening fourteen years trials of this description have become so numerous that one almost unconsciously associates them with a much earlier date than the opening years of this century. However, I have just received a reminder from Mr. J. S. Cowell, the hon. secretary, that the fifteenth championship meeting of the Spaniel Club is down for December 3rd and following days, over the Montgomeryshire ground lent by Mr. Arnold Gillett, at Bwlch-y-Cibau, near Llanfyllin. Mr. Arkwright is to be one of the judges, his colleague being Mr. Ernest E. Turner, the flat-coated retriever breeder. Mr. and Mrs. Turner, by the way, are also well known for their prowess at croquet tournaments, and Captain Hoël Llewellyn is another associated with dogs who has distinguished himself at this game. That is getting away from the subject, however. Let me remind intending runners that entries close this Saturday, unless one is prepared to pay a double fee, in which case they may be made up to the time of the draw, which takes place at the Wynnstay Hotel, Oswestry, on the evening of December 2nd. Seven stakes are provided altogether, two being for braces and teams of any variety. There are non-winners' and open stakes confined to Cocker, and an open stake for any other variety; while springers have a non-winners' stake to themselves, a similar event being



FELLSIDE MINNIE.

their own; and were the practice of using bloodhounds and other dogs to become more common, I should not be at all surprised to hear of a considerable diminution of misdemeanours—not so much, perhaps, of serious crimes as the many smaller offences which mainly fill the charge sheet

FELLSIDE CRACK.

that he is hardy, tractable and of a high courage, and you get a combination of qualities which make him well fitted for the work.

SPANIEL CLUB TRIALS.

When Mr. William Arkwright of Sutton Scarsdale inaugurated the Sporting Spaniel

PENRITH NELL.

confined to Clumbers, Sussex and field spaniels. A popular special should be the five-pound note offered by Mr. C. C. Eversfield for the best spaniel bred by the owner, most suitable for a one-dog man, and able to do a very hard day's work, Mr. P. Eliot-Scott's challenge cup is again

to be won by the best black field spaniel judged according to the club's standard of points, but no dog can take it lacking in merit, either in work or appearance. A year or two ago a difficulty arose through a dog winning a stake as a Cocker, and afterwards being re-registered as, I believe, a field spaniel. Presumably to meet this difficulty I note the presence of a regulation empowering the judges to disqualify any dog which in their opinion does not conform to the standard of a Cocker as laid down by the Spaniel and Cocker Clubs.

Judging from the somewhat vehement correspondence that has been engaging our attention recently, it is to be hoped the judges may not be asked to solve the knotty point as to what is a Cocker. Those of us who have followed the question in the serene atmosphere outside the charmed circles of experts, if asked a few months ago would have had the intrepidity to venture a definite opinion; but the confusing counsel that has been offered by spaniel men in the course of these letters will have the effect of making us less daring. Considering the mixed ancestry of the modern Cockers, is it altogether surprising that even a single litter should present a diversity of types for the contemplation of a perplexed owner? Personally, I am not so irrevocably wedded to the opinions of the past as to say there must be no change if modern conditions of shooting render a slightly different stamp of dog desirable. As a more and more useful companion to a certain class of shooting men, our ubiquitous little friend is having the duties of a retriever thrust upon him, and if he is to accomplish them satisfactorily he needs a bit more size and strength of jaw.

A PLEASING HEAD STUDY.

This is a very pleasing head study of a bloodhound that we are able to present this week, the original being Mrs. Beadon's



Balgrochan Chieftain. Corra Linn. Balgrochan Bruce.
MRS. G. C. AUDSLEY AND THREE OF HER DEERHOUNDS.

bitch, Britomart, who is uncommonly nice all round. Her head is thoroughly typical, the skull being long and narrow, the ears fine to the touch and well hung, and the skin of a pleasant texture. Unfortunately she has a light eye, which somewhat detracts from the expression. This is her worst fault, and there is no reason why it should be passed on to her progeny. Competition has to be very keen for her to be out of the prize list.

MR. GRAHAM'S GROUP OF SETTERS. BLACK AND TAN SETTERS.

Here is a grand old breed that has been allowed to languish, for no apparent reason. Strange to say, they are more appreciated abroad than in this country, but we have enough good ones to bring about a revival, if only a few breeders would throw themselves into the movement

with enthusiasm. Men who have used them on the Scottish moors have spoken to me about them with the utmost approval, and Mr. J. Ewan C. Graham, who has a nice kennel at Penrith, writes: "They are untiring workers, and I find my dogs steady and fast." Fellside Minnie, who forms one of the group this week, was placed first at the Kennel Club, Mr. F. C. Lowe, the judge, afterwards writing of her: "She is a nice level bitch, with quite the true Gordon colour, and nice flat coat, good bone, and legs and feet, with quite a typical head." Of the other two in the picture, Crack is abroad, and Mr. Wearing has Nell. Mr. Graham shot regularly over them when he had them. I am glad to know that Mr. Graham has a good lot of puppies out of Minnie.

CORRA LINN.

The graceful deerhound has no more faithful adherents than the ladies, who are pre-eminent. Were it not for them one of the finest native dogs might go to the wall, though on his merits and beauty he deserves to take almost first rank. Mrs. G. C. Audsley of Taplow has one of the best in Corra Linn, a big bitch with substance and quality. Her neck and shoulders are very pleasing, the outline is correct, and she has a well chiselled head. Perhaps she might be a bit darker in eye, but after this criticism has been offered one has nothing but praise for her.

CHAMPION FEARLESS FOUNDATION.

The name was aptly chosen, for Champion Fearless Foundation, Mrs. W. A. Lindsay's beautiful Newfoundland, has little to fear in the classes for black and white or other than black. At one time we called them Landseer Newfoundlands when thus marked, but the present nomenclature, if cumbersome, has the advantage of being more precise and all-embracing. As Fearless Foundation has not long passed his fourth year he has plenty of time in which to add to the eight challenge prizes that are already his, three of these having been won at consecutive Kennel Club Shows. Mrs. Lindsay's residence in Belfast must make it somewhat difficult for her to exhibit her favourite with any frequency.

A CROXTON SMITH.



MRS. W. A. LINDSAY'S CHAMPION FEARLESS FOUNDATION.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

CAPTAIN MOLESWORTH: A GREAT FIGURE IN GOLF.

WITH the death of Captain Molesworth, R.N., which took place recently at Westward Ho!, there has passed away a figure of no little golfing interest, and one to whom many a golfer owes a debt which it is more than likely that he does not realise. Captain Molesworth was not the first introducer of golf to Westward Ho!—which is equivalent to saying the initiator of any real life in English golf—but after the introduction of the game it is quite certain that no other single man has done so much to make it popular. It would be too much to say that but for Captain Molesworth golf would not have come to England with the "boom" which it has long achieved, but it is quite sure that but for his enterprise the "boom" would not have come so quickly. And that means that a large number who have lately taken golf up would not yet have learned its fascinations and its health-giving qualities, and that many who have become golfers comparatively lately would have waited a while longer before their happy initiation in it. And surely a man has not lived in vain, surely he has deserved well of his time and country, who has done so much as this.

When golf was brought to North Devon in the early sixties (Westward Ho! at that date did not exist except in the title of Charles Kingsley's novel), Captain Molesworth, living in the very house on the outskirts of Bideford in which Charles Kingsley had written his great book, at once took an enthusiastic interest in the new game. He used to drive down to golf, the round starting at that time at the present third tee, beside the Pebble Ridge, making very heavy weather of it over the rough tracks of the Burrows, and handling the reins with the true sailor's grip of the rudder lines—one in each hand. Then he tied his horse to the wheel of the trap by some nautical hitch, and, starting forth to play golf, generally returned to find all in a tangle, which only a sailor's head and hands could dissolve.

He never played with more than three clubs, he never took a caddie, he played with a ball so careworn and aged as to wear much the semblance of a piece of coal, and he was ready to bet you £50 on the match at any moment.

He was a gifted match-player and match-maker—a very poor driver, an approacher who "got there somehow," without an idea of the science of iron play, and a putter almost without an equal. He had splendid pluck, and was the finest partner in a foursome ever known. I can answer for that. I played in some good foursomes with him. In partnership with him, we played and beat Mr. John Dunn of Hoylake and Jack Morris, the professional there. This was a match which was often played, before I came to any golfing strength, with Johnny Allan as the partner of "the old Mole," as everybody called him. Then he made matches for himself and his three sons to play Mr. (later Sir) W. H. Houldsworth and any three Scots Mr. Houldsworth should select, and the family went up to Scotland to give them battle at St. Andrews. Arthur, the youngest but the best of the brothers, beat Leslie Balfour by two in thirty-six holes, George lost seven holes to Dr. Argyll Robertson, and Reggie won two from Mr. Ogilvie Fairlie; but it was the Captain's own rather heavy score of nine holes taken off Mr. Houldsworth that decided the day. A return was played at Prestwich, Mr. Syme, a minister of the Scottish Kirk, taking the place of Dr. Argyll Robertson, and Mr. Andy Stuart the place of Mr. Leslie Balfour. Arthur Molesworth beat Andy Stuart by six, Ogilvie Fairlie had his revenge on Reggie by seven,

and Mr. Syme beat George by two; but again it was the undefeated Captain, with his three clubs, profanely nicknamed "Faith, Hope and Charity," that did the big scoring—to the tune of ten holes—for his side. So he was twice victorious. And then he backed Arthur to play young Tommy Morris at odds of a third—the last match poor Tommy played and one that he won (I never knew how he won it) most handsomely.

These and the like matches must show the enterprise of the Captain, and it may well be seen for how much they counted in bringing golfers to Westward Ho! at a time when it was necessary to go far to find golf and golfers; for, of course, all this going to Scotland and to Hoylake meant some Southern visits in return. He kept the new life stirring; and he was so inveterate a match-maker that he would, I verily believe, having won all your money from you, gladly give you some of it back, so that he might recommence the operation and try to win it all over again. Yet no man could say that he made

his matches in any niggard spirit. On the contrary, he made matches, and won them too, in which it seemed unlikely that he could have a chance of success.

On one occasion he played seven rounds in a day, walking to and from his house in Bideford, a total additional distance of some six miles, besides. He had backed himself—I think with Sir Robert Hay—to play six matches, including the walk, in a day, and a certain score had been named in which each round was to be done. In one of the six rounds he exceeded his score, so he set off on a seventh, and did that within the allotted figure. He was then close on fifty. And now, close on his ninetieth year, he has been taken, succumbing to an attack of pneumonia. Save for that, he was hale and hearty, and looked good for another ten years. Everybody liked him, everybody chaffed him, everybody had to take chaff from him in return. Never was a man less bothered by the opinion of others about him. He was a "character." In his youth he had been a fine and a fearless sailor. At one time he was chairman, in succession to Mr. Henry Labouchere, of the old Westminster Aquarium. He used to bet at golf in stocks and shares as readily as in cash, and when a hole or two down would buy the holes back, and start square again, by the transfer, on the putting green, of an agreed



THE LATE CAPTAIN MOLESWORTH WITH
MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

number of shares. I have never met anyone else quite like him, quite so reckless, quite so careless of the pounds, and at the same time quite so careful of the pence. He was excellent company, a good talker in any society, and very popular with the working men at the time when Westward Ho!, very largely through his enterprise, was a-building. And whatever else he was, we may be sure of this, that no other one man has done so much towards making the game of golf popular in England. How large a debt of gratitude is justly due to him may be left to the golfing reader to estimate for himself. H. G. H.

THE UNIVERSITIES.

SO far, judging by their trial matches, one may venture to assert that Cambridge has the better side than Oxford. The Cambridge men seem to be more much-of-a-muchness—there is less difference between the first man and the last than there is on the Oxford side. Of the individual players, two have done particularly well—Mr. McClure of Oxford and Mr. Humphries of Cambridge. Mr. McClure has so far been the more highly tried, and he has come well out of his ordeal, for he beat Mr. Beveridge at Oxford and halved his matches at Sunningdale and Stoke Poges with Mr. Arnold Read and Mr. de Montmorency respectively, the latter being a particularly fine achievement, for his adversary was playing really well. At Woking Mr. McClure had an off day, but he has amply justified all the nice things that were said about him after the University match last year—almost the only nice things that were said about anybody

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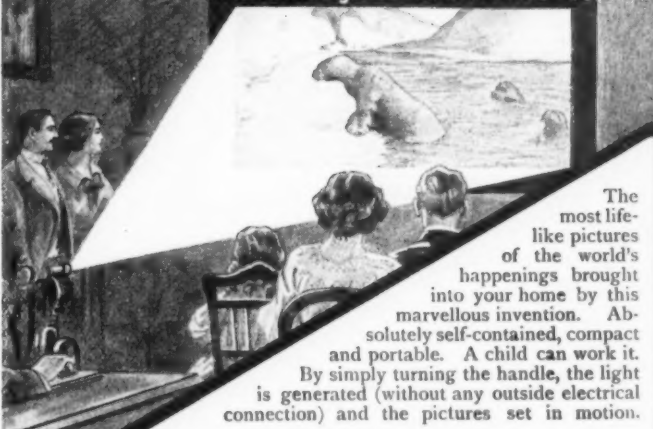
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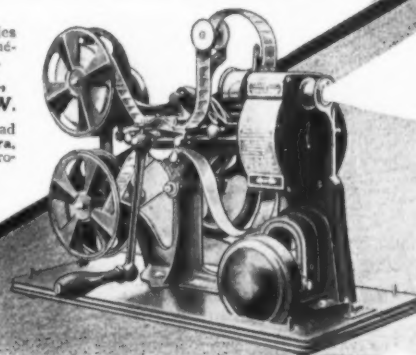
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in that rather disappointing match. How he failed to get into the Oxford team for his first two years is entirely mysterious. Mr. Humphries is not nearly so good a player as far as appearances go, but he is unquestionably good for all that. He has the great advantage of quite exceptional power, and will probably

be a still better golfer. In saying that Cambridge has the better side, one assumes that Mr. Barry will only appear in the trial matches for Oxford and not against his old University. There may be no precedent in the matter, but there ought to be no need for one.

EQUIPMENT FOR THE WINTER ALPS.

AT one time the best advice which could be given in regard to equipment for wintering in the Alps was that which recommended the inexperienced traveller to buy as little as possible before he left England. Not only could he thus keep down the weight of his luggage but he would save himself the disappointment of finding that many of his preparations had been needless or ill-judged. All kinds of necessities, too, were better obtained in Switzerland than at home—Engadin woollen helmets, Grindelwald hoods for ladies, snow goggles, ski boots, and Continental style skates—these were but a few of the items which, in plenty of Swiss shops, were cheaper and more practical than the same things as found in London, if, indeed, London could produce them at all.

The "boom" in Helvetian holiday making has swiftly altered this state of affairs, and metropolitan firms supply everything which the traveller to the Alps can require. A great and growing public of keen sports-people is now catered for, and the goods, so far from being imitated from Swiss models or obtained from Switzerland, are steadily exported there; for their English style is always distinguishable. And if the visitor to the Oberland or Engadin is going to purchase in the shops there an outfit which comes from London, he may as well get it at his leisure before leaving home, and so enjoy a wide selection and, incidentally, save himself the annoyance of paying an inflated price. Even Switzerland's best friends cannot claim that its tourist-supply emporia are celebrated for the moderateness of their charges.

In general it may be said that clothes for Switzerland need not differ very materially from those worn by sporting men or women spending the winter in the country in England. Tales of extreme cold are apt to cause the newcomer to supply himself with needlessly thick undergarments. Different constitutions require different weights of underwear, but most experienced alpinists agree that lightness, loose-fitting and ventilation rank before mere thickness. The truth is that in fine weather no one has the slightest difficulty in keeping warm at any high-altitude resort, even when sitting still; and in cloudy weather the visitor must either stay indoors or else take exercise; in the latter case he will probably find that he is overclad if he is wearing an ordinary English golfing or shooting rig. Indoors, the best hotels are central-heated and are rather warmer than houses at home. The bedrooms are certainly warmer than is customary in England, and night attire may be of medium thinness. Lady visitors, even if they have never been to Switzerland before, will scarcely need to be told that jerseys and knitted coats are extremely popular—the photographs which the illustrated papers publish in their news from the fashionable resorts have demonstrated for several winters past the rise of this becoming and businesslike mode. No jerseys are at once more sensible and more *chic* than the English, and in the matter of choice of colour it must be remarked that all kinds of hues, somewhat daring in the grey atmosphere and against the drab background of an English winter, are curiously successful in the midst of a setting of spotless white snow. A plastering of snow, to be sure, is apt to cling pertinaciously to a jersey whose wearer has had a tumble when ski-ing; and it is worth recollecting that rough-surfaced outer garments—jerseys, hairy tweeds and furry or fluffy ornamentations—while suitable for the skating-rink, are not as a rule liked by ski-runners. English tailors have risen to a realisation of this, and materials have been put on the market, for suits and puttees, not only proofed against falling and melting snow, but also of such a texture that snow does not adhere, or, at any rate, brushes off at a touch. Ski-ing suits made in these fabrics should have few, if any, outside pockets wherein snow can lodge, and the ends of the sleeves should be tight or capable of being buttoned, so that, plunging into a drift, snow does not go up the arm. In this connection gauntlet gloves may be referred to. Even when tobogganning powdered snow is apt to fly up the inside of the sleeves; this is conveniently prevented if the tobogganner wears long gloves, the part above the wrist closely clinging above the jacket cuffs.

Ladies will hardly have to be reminded that short skirts are correct for all Alpine winter sports, and in many districts the various forms of knickerbocker costume are rapidly coming into vogue. Skirts for ski-ing, at any rate, will soon be as out-of-date as they have become for ladies' summer mountaineering. Ski-ing is a strenuous exercise, and the extra weight and impeding of the action of the limbs caused by even the most sensible skirt, imposes

a handicap on every woman who would take excursions in company with members of the opposite sex. A determined effort is being made by leading lady ski-runners to demonstrate that knickerbocker costume is both becoming and advantageous. Curiously enough, Teutonic lady ski-runners have so far led the van in this reform, and at the German resorts a *Skilaufer* in a skirt is now an anachronism; but already, at the leading English pleasure-places the knickerbocker costume for ladies is too common to attract notice. For tobogganning also the same type of garb will, it is to be hoped, soon triumph. Head-foremost tobogganning, as seen on the Cresta, is graceful enough in a skirt costume, but the feet-foremost sitting position practised by most lady tobogganers is one which would look far more graceful, and would be endowed with greater speed and less danger if the flapping and unruly skirt were dispensed with. In the two other leading sports, skating and curling, there is no call for the abolition of the skirt, provided the latter be short, and cut to allow of free movement. In curling, the position of delivering a stone from the crampit is such that a tight skirt of the genus hobble renders play almost impossible.

Puttees are not worn when skating, but may be considered to be an essential detail of the uniform of every Alpinist of either sex who purposes to ski or toboggan. On the curling rink "gouties" (rubber snowshoes) are worn to prevent the feet slipping on the ice, and these do not "go" well with puttees. *En passant* it may be mentioned that habitual curlers are nowadays beginning to wear tennis-shoes rather than "gouties" for the rink. Tennis-shoes certainly look very smart, and have none of the bulbous clumsiness of "gouties." The shoes should be new ones. An old pair, with the corrugations on the sole rubbed down by use, will not grip the ice. Rubber-soled boots, with deep corrugations, now obtainable at all outfitters (or deck-shoes sold for wear on sea voyages), suit some wearers better than tennis-shoes. Be it noted that this footgear, though delightful for curling, does not lend itself to pedestrianism on snowy roads, or to tobogganning or ski-ing. For walking and tobogganning the visitor requires an ordinary pair of stout country boots, as waterproof as may be, and with a good set of nails for grip on the sole. The boots will probably get wet with melting snow very frequently, but are easily dried upon the heating-pipes in one's bedroom in the hotel. In that case, however, a certain amount of treatment with dubbin may be maintained, or the leather will harden painfully.

All footwear should be bought and tested by actual trial before leaving England—even the special ski-boots, which are of a peculiar shape and which ought to be of such a size that two thicknesses of sock can be worn inside them without tightness. Such boots must be obtained from a maker expert in their construction. The neophyte who has never tried ski-ing may, of course, make his initial essays in ordinary boots; but should he be converted to the sport he is sure to want the genuine ski boots, which experience has shown to be the best, and, once he has used these, and learnt not only their effectiveness but the comfort of the two-pairs-of-socks system (goats'-hair socks are, by the way a skier's discovery), he will probably continue this wear for tramping as well as when on ski. It is no uncommon thing to catch sight of these ski-ing boots in use in the muddy country lanes of England, or worn by fishers and climbers in Scotland. Their contour may be unbecomingly to the æsthetic eye, but their design is a masterpiece of common-sense.

Boots for skating must fit perfectly, and this is one reason why they should be bought, and worn, before the departure abroad. To find when too late that these boots are pinching the foot is to learn that successful figure-skating in them is impossible. Several bootmakers have specialised in skating-boots since artificial ice-rinks came to the fore, and some admirable forms have been on the market for years. The chief thing for the purchaser to remember when being measured for his skating-boots is that they must be made to a real, not a conventionally ornamental, fit. There should be no "blocked" empty space in front of the toes, and no play whatever round the ankle; these qualities, however, being accompanied by softness and comfort. This is only another way of saying that expert bootmaking is essential. The boots should lace. Ladies' boots are generally made fairly high in the leg, to afford support. Both ladies' and men's boots, though fitting very closely round the foot itself, should be so built that there is an appreciable space under the tongue when laced up;



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for all experienced skaters place a pad of some kind—generally a little strip of "Spongeo"—in this position, partly to ensure a firm but not tight lace-up and partly to prevent the laces cutting or chafing the skin. It is unwise to have the pad fixed to the boot's tongue; it is handier to be able to shift it to different positions, according as the lace-pressure is felt. "Spongeo," which is firm but elastic, is probably obtainable at skating outfitters' or skating bootmakers'; otherwise may be had from chemists.

Skates themselves deserve a word of notice. It must be explained that figure-skating is of two kinds—"International style" and "English style"—and skates meant for the former do not suit the latter. At the older Swiss resorts—St. Moritz, Davos and Grindelwald—the correctness of skating style is a matter of weighty debate; but at the newer and less conservative skating places—Villars, Wengen, Montana and the like—the average visitor looks on the rink as a pleasant playground whereon style is of less importance than is the enjoyment of the ice and the bracing air. This type of skater—who is one of the vast majority of those who take part in the winter Alpine exodus—needs no solemn and serious guidance to the selection of blades and radii; all that he should be told is that the skate must screw on to the boot's sole and heel, a fixture there, permanently in place till the spring, so that blade and boot are as nearly as possible one and indivisible. The skate which can be attached to the boot at the rink-side (and which so often becomes detached five minutes later) is almost unknown in the Alps, and this not because fashion decrees the fixed blade, but because the fixed blade is far and away the easiest and the best either for beginner or expert—perhaps even more necessary for the former than for the latter.

Ski may be hired, on the spot, at all the modern winter-resorts, and the newcomer need not take them to Switzerland from England. Having once learnt the joys of ski-ing, he will probably wish to buy a pair of ski of his own for future winters, and this may now be done at any athletic outfitters' in London; but the choice of ski, the different patent bindings, and so on, is a problem too wide to be treated in this article. The experienced skier needs no advice; the novice can only know his own preferences by experiment—or, at any rate, should not spend money on a pair of ski except under the guidance of a friend who is an authority on the subject.

Curling-stones and the curler's paraphernalia of crampits and brooms are, of course, provided at the Alpine resorts which possess curling-rinks. Only the keenest and most fastidious expert will want to convey his own stones on the journey. Luges, too, are on hire in every Swiss village, and by some hotels are lent free to guests. Bobsleighs and skeleton toboggans can be hired; certainly neither type of machine could be advantageously imported into Switzerland, though they were not Swiss inventions.

Spectacles to shield the eyes from the snow's glare are required by some people. These protections are now to be had from any first-class optician, and may be ground to suit the wearer's sight if the latter is not normal, thus obviating the necessity of wearing two pairs of glasses one on top of the other. The general consensus of opinion is that black and blue goggles are not such efficient

glare-preventers as yellow ones. The right tint of yellow glass (greenish in appearance rather than orange or brown) is very pleasant, for, though it soothes the eye by partly cutting off the force of the blue and violet rays which are the most powerful ingredient of white light, it does not lessen the apparent brightness. To put on blue glasses is to throw a gloom over the scene at which one is looking, even when that scene consists mainly of sparkling snow crystals in sunshine. With yellow glasses of the right tint the eye is relieved, though the scene's brilliancy is hardly degraded at all. The purchaser of such glasses, however, should be particular to deal with a genuinely scientific optician.

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one meets who can count on ten days' holiday is going out, and popular places like Gstaad and Chateau d'Oeux are already booked up to their full capacity. The winter Alps were long and curiously neglected, but they have come into their own at last with a vengeance. It is a sure sign of their triumph that a publisher can produce a book like this, sumptuously illustrated with coloured drawings as well as photographs, and be certain of good sales for it even at fifteen shillings. Mr. E. F. Benson, moreover, was the ideal writer for the task. He has done it admirably. One feels sorry for the reader who sees it—but is not able to go out. The full-page photographs by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond and the coloured drawings by Fleming Williams are uncommonly seductive. The moment I opened the book and saw the frontispiece, showing the wintry summit of the Eiger burning in the rose-coloured flame of sunset, and a little further on the photograph of a ski-ing slope in blazing sunshine, the unsettling question flashed upon me: "Why stay in foggy London when you needn't, and when *that* is waiting for you twenty hours off?"

In his opening chapter, "The Sun-seeker," Mr. Benson proves that he appreciates this lure of winter Switzerland. He is very honest about it. "I lick the chops of memory, and go back in thought to the middle of December, when, having previously determined not to go abroad till January, I hurriedly fly the country, like a criminal seeking to escape from the justice that is hot on the heels of a murderer . . . while below my breath I again register the frequently broken vow that I will be at home again by the middle of January at the latest." Three days of Stygian gloom, followed by a tepid south-westerly gale, proved too much for any vows. "I bought a quantity of what is known as sermon-paper and two new stylographs, made a few hasty and craven arrangements on the telephone, and slid out of Charing Cross Station at 2.20 p.m. next day." When he came back he does not tell us, but it may safely be wagered that it was not till the devastating Föhn-winds of March reduced the skating-rinks to puddles and turned the ice-runs and toboggan slides into the final slush of spring.

To let you know exactly what this delightful book contains, let it be said that, after the amusing opening chapter already mentioned, there are fifty pages devoted to rinks and skaters, twenty-five to curling and curlers, fifteen to tobogganning, eight to ice-hockey, thirty to ski-ing, and an odd twenty or so to "Notes on Winter Resorts and Hints for Parents and Guardians." That rinks and skaters have the major share is natural enough, when one reflects that this is the oldest and most developed form of all the winter sports, and is, besides, the particular hobby of the writer, himself a finished skater. But each sport is well described and fairly treated, and the reader, who inevitably will turn to the pages dealing with his favourite winter pastime, will not be disappointed. The information, moreover, just achieves the right medium between what is technical and general. Text-books on ski-ing and skating already exist in bewildering profusion. Mr. Benson shows excellent judgment in choosing merely the vital facts of first importance, without which a novice might go seriously astray. His knowledge of winter Switzerland is intimate and accurate, and a man going

out for three weeks' holiday could not do better than read the section on the particular sport he means to indulge in, and so avoid a hundred snares and pitfalls that are spread for the unwary. His advice on such matters as clothing, equipment, choice of a resort, hotels, and so forth, are admirable and to the point. The illustrations, too, deserve high praise, for Mr. Williams' coloured drawings are *true* as well as beautiful, and the photographs of Mrs. Le Blond—particularly those of ice-flowers, ice-crystals and some of the winter landscapes—are excellently successful. Some of us might wish that the Cresta Run, grown tedious now with over-much familiarity, had been omitted, and in its place we had been given more visions of the lonely snowfields of the crystal heights. But



SKATING—ENGLISH STYLE.

this very minor criticism from an individual point of view is all that can be said against a delightful book.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

SLUMBER SONG.

Hush! in the tree tops the birds are all sleeping.

Sing soft and low!

O'er the blue vault night's mantle is creeping.

Rock to and fro.

Fair dreams attend thee, thou child in Life's morning!

Battle and woe

Leave thee in peace; for storms give no warning.

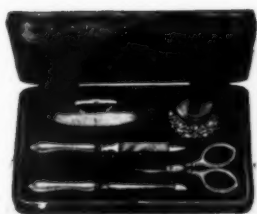
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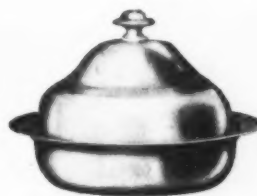
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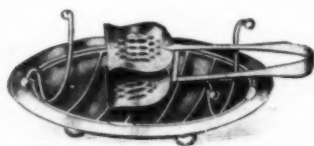
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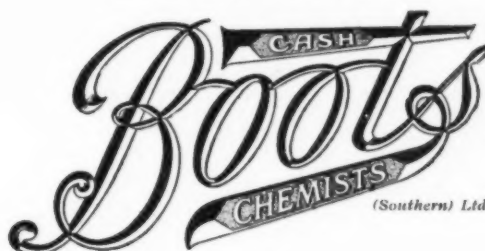
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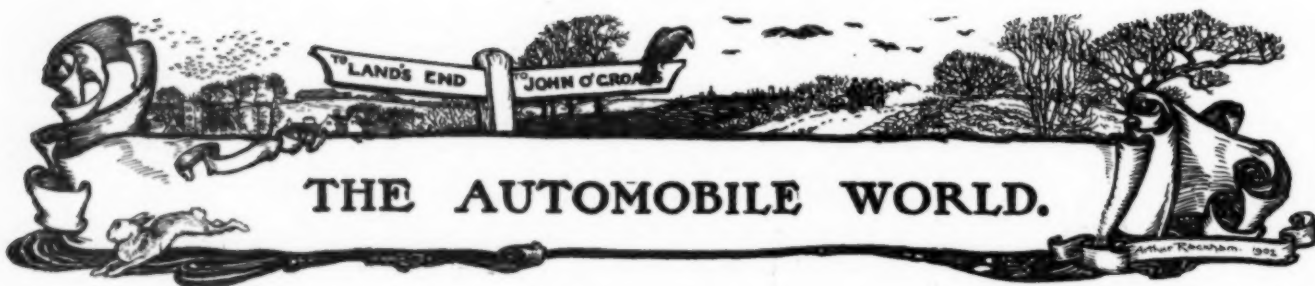


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THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

RANDOM COMMENT.

JUDGED by the size of the crowds which thronged Olympia throughout Show Week this year's exhibition must be accounted as big a success as any of its predecessors. When the figures are forthcoming I understand that it will be found that there was some falling off in the number of people who passed the turnstiles, but a substantial increase in the takings. This simply means that the expected result followed on the drastic limitation of the free passes, of which the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has been so lavish in past years. I doubt, however, if the building was really much less crowded than in previous years, as the man who has to pay for entrance instead of using a pass is apt to "do" the exhibition thoroughly at one visit instead of returning two or three times in order to complete his tour of the stands. At any rate, the difference was hardly perceptible to the ordinary visitor, and on every hand one heard the old complaints of overcrowding and utter lack of ventilation. So far as my own observation went, from about three o'clock onwards the entire building became packed with a solid throng of people who made movement almost impossible and anything like a serious examination of the exhibits quite out of the question, while the state of the atmosphere defied description.

It is difficult to believe that something cannot be done to improve matters. For years past the Society has been attempting the impossible task of squeezing a quart into a pint pot. In other words, Olympia is far too small to house the whole of the pleasure car trade at one time. Many firms are crowded out altogether; others, and not the least important, have to make shift with minute stands in dark and out of the way places, while even the lucky ones who secure space in the centre of the main hall are badly cramped for room. To stage an exhibit of even three or four cars to real advantage requires a large amount of floor area, and there was hardly a stand at Olympia where it was possible to walk round the cars and gain a true idea of their appearance and proportions. Few firms had a frontage to a gangway on more than one side of their stand, and the general effect was that of a huge mass of vehicles crowded close together, with little to indicate where one exhibit ended and another began. From the point of view of the public, matters were made much worse by the hordes of agents who thronged many of the more popular stands from morning to night and rendered them practically unapproachable except by the most robust and determined visitors.

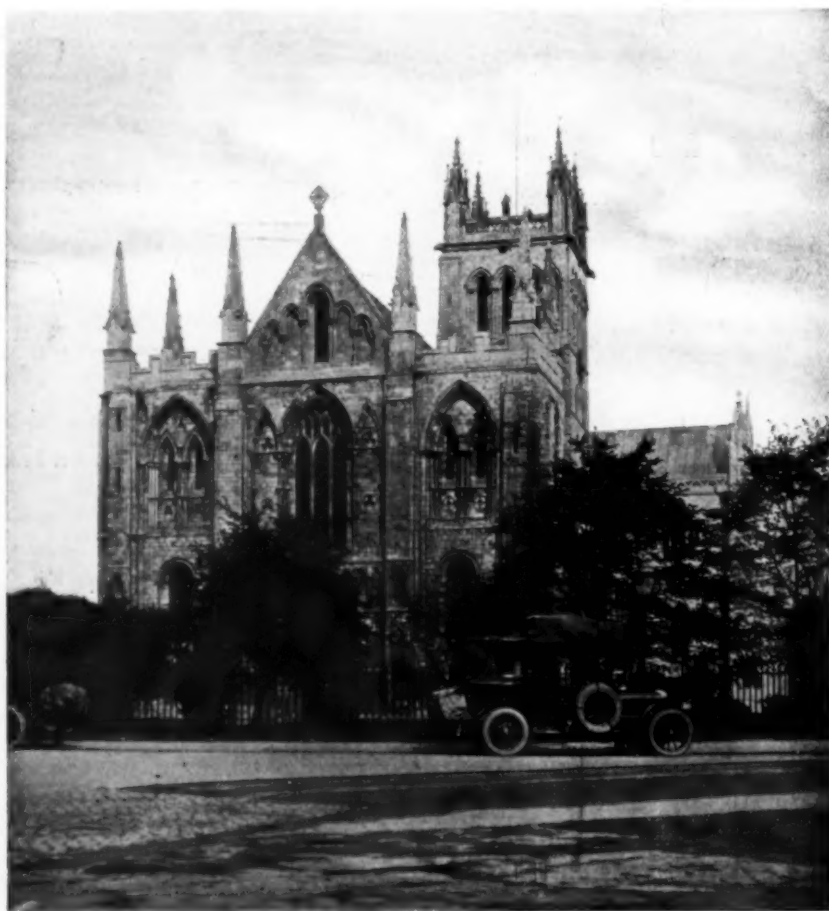
If the exhibition is to retain its usefulness and popularity it is high time that the Society took some drastic steps to relieve the present situation, which is intolerable both for the public and the exhibitors. In order to solve the problem two obvious facts must be recognised. Olympia is too small to provide stands for all the makers of

pleasure cars, and too small to contain all the people who wish to see the show, unless they can be spread over a longer period of time than eight days. If the former difficulty could be overcome the latter would probably solve itself, but merely to extend the length of the exhibition would not improve matters for the exhibitors themselves. At the annual dinner of the Society its president, Mr. S. F. Edge, announced that it was hoped to increase the available space by fifteen thousand square feet before the next show; but this will not go far towards relieving the congestion on the stands or in the gangways. A few more firms may gain admittance to the show and the public may have a little more breathing space, but I doubt if the addition will do more than meet the natural growth of the industry and the increase in the popularity of the show.

The most hopeful solution of the problem, apart from the building of a new exhibition hall really adequate for the needs of London, would seem to be the holding of two shows instead of one. A beginning has already been made in the Cycle Show, which opens at Olympia on Monday next. Small cars which come within the cycle-car definition are already admitted to the exhibition, and on this occasion will undoubtedly constitute the most popular part of the show from the point of view of the general public. The genuine cycle-car, as distinct from the light car or miniature big car, has not proved the success that some people anticipated, and I fancy that strenuous efforts will be made by many light car makers to cut down the weight of their vehicles in order to gain admittance to the show. It is difficult to see why the present definition should not be extended both as regards cylinder capacity and weight, so as to render eligible for a Motor Cycle and Light Car Show all small cars up to a certain size or price.

I believe that, if next week's exhibition were divided between motor-cycles and small cars it would soon rival in popularity the big exhibition itself, and solve the problems at the latter of inadequate

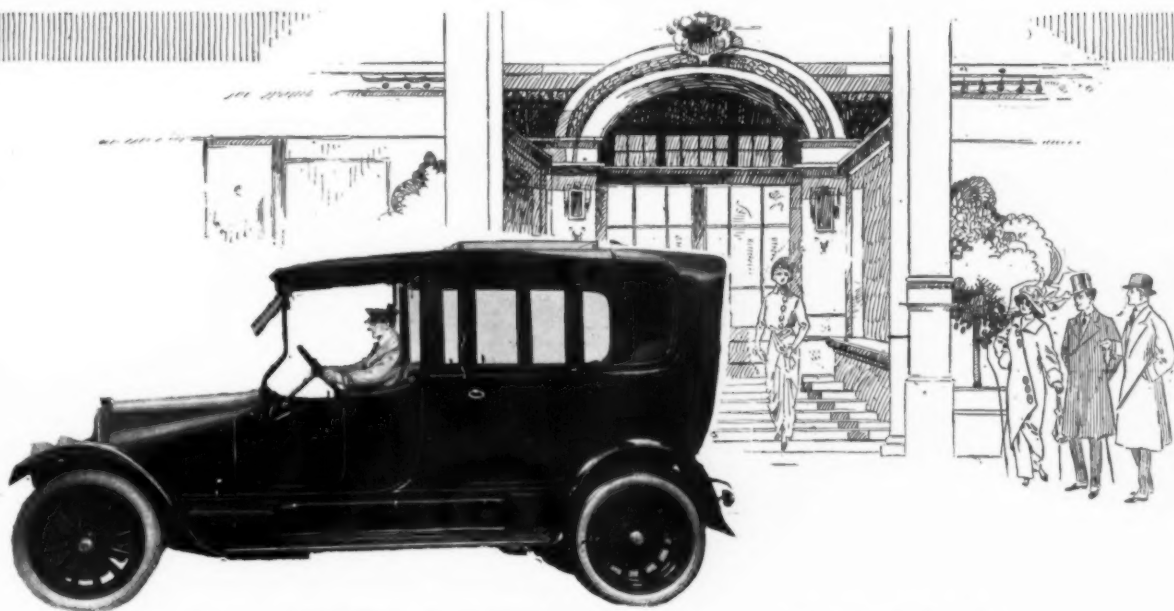
stand space and overcrowding. A large and increasing number of people visit the car exhibition in search of a small, cheap machine. For this class of buyer the big car has little interest, and, if anything, only serves to present a discouraging contrast to the type of car which is within his means. He would hail with delight the opportunity of examining in comfortable surroundings all the best small cars on the market, and it is certain that far more definite orders would be placed than is the case under present conditions. It is possible that there might be a little difficulty in drawing a definite dividing line between the small and the big car; but to arrive at a suitable definition should not be beyond the ingenuity of the Society's executive. What is certain is that the present state of affairs at Olympia is most damaging to the exhibition and that the public is very likely to desert it unless steps are



C. U. Knox.

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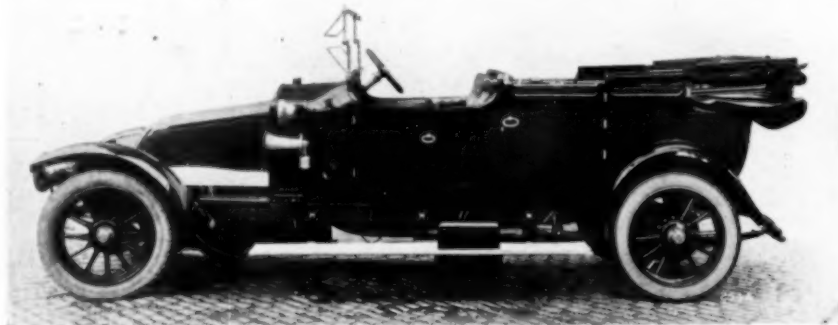
12-15 h.p. Torpedo completely equipped, as illustrated, £375.

taken to improve matters. An alternative scheme, which would meet only half the difficulty, would be to extend the period during which the show is open. The expedient of one five-shilling day has been proved a hopeless failure, as the crush on the Thursday afternoon was, if anything, worse than usual, and from observation at the turn-stiles, I should say that everyone with a free pass had reserved it for that particular occasion. There are thousands of people who would willingly pay any reasonable sum to view the exhibition in real comfort, and I fail to see why the Society does not take advantage of the opportunity of increasing its funds. A good deal of stress is laid on the educative value of Olympia, and there is no reason why this side of the exhibition should be neglected; but the buyer, actual or prospective, and those with business to transact should have the first consideration.

On the first four or five days five shillings might be charged for entrance, and half-a-crown for the next three or four, which would cover the present duration of the show. A further week might then be devoted to the general public at a shilling a head, and to the thousands of chauffeurs and workmen employed in the industry who like to keep their knowledge up-to-date by paying a visit to the annual exhibition. Free passes or tickets at half-price might be given freely to the latter class so long as they were only available on the shilling days. Intending buyers would be certain to attend on the five shilling or half-a-crown days, and there would be little occasion for the heads of firms and the whole of their staffs of salesmen to remain on the stands during the extra week of the show. I believe that some such scheme would be to everybody's benefit, and remove from Olympia the atmosphere of general discontent that now surrounds it.

Everyone who takes the slightest interest in motoring knows by now that one of the most noticeable features of this year's exhibition was the number of makers who have either adopted electric lighting and self-starting apparatus as part of the standard equipment of their cars, or made provision for the easy fitting of these fashionable accessories. The movement is by no means confined to the more expensive cars, but I doubt if the man who drives and looks after his own car will find either electric lighting or the self-starter an unmixed blessing. To be able to light all one's lamps by merely moving one or two switches or to start

It is early days yet to judge the reliability and durability of most of the dynamos and self-starters on the market, but it stands to reason that all must require expensive repairs in course of time and, it is quite certain that the batteries will give trouble and require renewal more frequently than the owner expects. Electric lighting has undoubtedly come to stay, as its advantages are very great, but I think that the owner-driver, especially if he is not very fond of tinkering with his car and does little night driving, might do worse than stick to acetylene, at any rate for another year or two. An acetylene generator is a messy contrivance, but it has the merit of simplicity, and can be cleaned and charged by a garden boy or odd man who could



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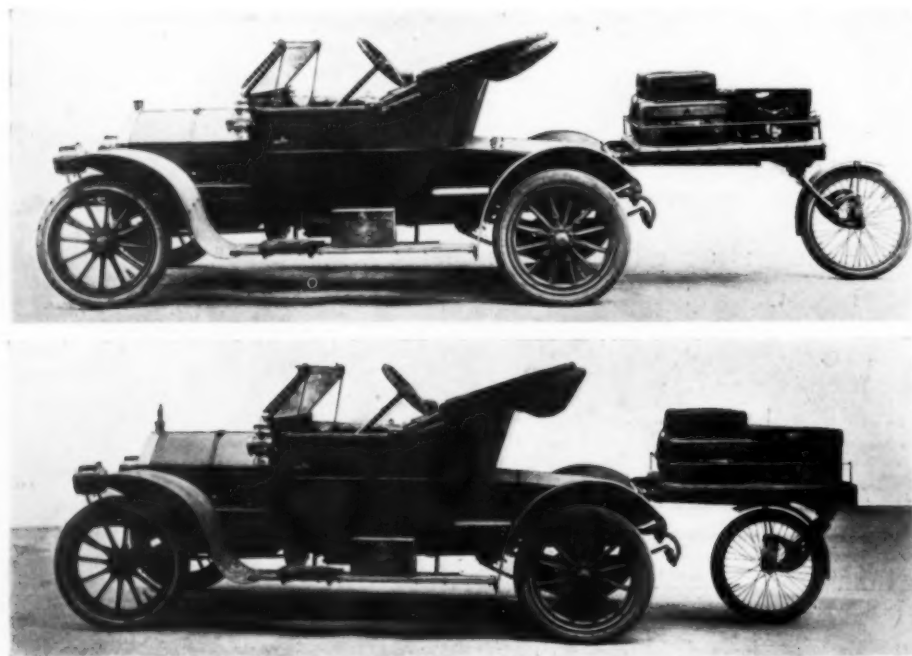
never begin to understand the care of an electric lighting set. Fortunately for the makers of car dynamos, the motorist's selection of a lighting system is often influenced by his desire to possess an engine-starter. With a dynamo and battery already installed, it is comparatively easy to add an electric motor for starting the engine, so that, unless the car maker is one of the few who fit a self-starter of the compressed air type, a self-starter is nearly always accompanied by electric lighting. It is a great convenience to be able to start one's engine without leaving the driving seat, but I doubt if the absence of such a device seriously detracts from the pleasure which a motorist derives from driving a car, and if a chauffeur is employed the advantage largely disappears. The starting-handle may be

the anachronism that some writers already profess to regard it, but it is certainly cheap to make, requires no adjustments, and costs nothing in upkeep and repairs. There is only one case where the self-starter may be regarded as essential, or nearly so, and that is on the car which is driven by a lady without assistance from the stronger sex. To the lady motorist the self-starter is an undoubted blessing and fully worth its first cost and any trouble in the garage that its use may entail. That electric lighting and self-starters will grow in popularity goes without saying, but the pace set by the makers has been a little too rapid for the man who demands simplicity and economy before luxuries.

CELER.

A SOLUTION OF THE LUGGAGE PROBLEM.

IN spite of patent grids and other devices, the modern car is singularly deficient in luggage carrying capacity when it comes to the transport of a heterogeneous mass of baggage between the house and the railway station. For touring the difficulty can be largely overcome by buying special trunks to fit the luggage grid and such spare spaces as may be available in the interior of the car, but for station work it is generally necessary to engage a cab or cart to carry any luggage which exceeds in size a suitcase or a kit bag. An obvious solution of the problem is a trailer attached to the rear of a car, but hitherto inherent defects in design have militated against the success of such luggage carriers as have been devised. To meet every requirement of safety and the law a trailer must be automatically reversible, uncapsizable and constructed so that it follows exactly the track of the car to which it is attached. If it "cuts corners" when the car turns or swerves it is useless for practical purposes, while any tendency to capsize or inability to follow the precise direction of the car when the latter is being manoeuvred is a constant source of danger. All these difficulties seem to have been completely overcome in the Auto-Trailer which we illustrate herewith. It differs from other carriers in the



THE AUTO-TRAILER ATTACHED TO A CAR.

The upper illustration shows the trailer wheel in its normal position; the lower, its position when the car is reversing.

the engine by depressing a pedal or pulling a lever is, doubtless, a great boon, but the owner-driver buying a car should remember that there is another side to the question. To begin with, a lighting and starting installation adds, I believe, at least 150lb. to the car's running weight, which is equivalent to carrying an extra passenger at all times. The initial cost, too, is no small matter, as, even if the installation is part of the regular equipment of the car and included in the price, it stands to reason that the purchaser is paying for it directly or indirectly. Worst of all, from the owner-driver's point of view, is the extra complication involved, and the increased time which must be spent in cleaning, lubricating and adjustment.

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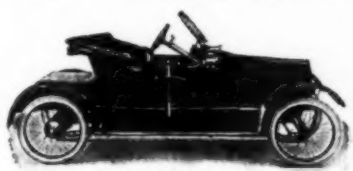
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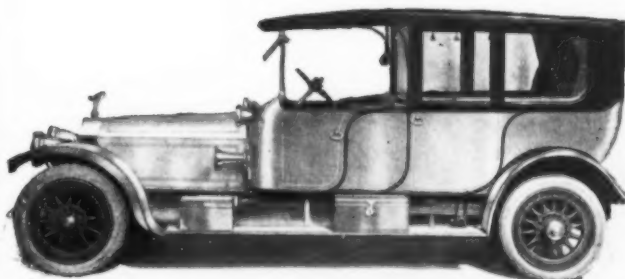
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adoption of a single supporting wheel with a castor action which leaves the wheel free to move in a complete circle about the steering head. Thanks to this arrangement, the trailer, which is fixed to the rear of the car chassis in such a manner that no lateral movement is possible, follows exactly and automatically every movement of the steering of the car and at the same time permits the car to be reversed with as much freedom as if the trailer were not attached to it. The method of attachment to the car also makes the cutting of corners or capsizing an impossibility. The construction of the trailer is of a robust description, as the frame is of pressed steel and steel castings are used throughout for the joints. It is claimed that the running of the Auto-Trailer is very smooth even at high speed, so that it could be used, if necessary, even when touring. Legs are provided to support the front of the trailer when it is not attached to the car, and it can be used as a wheelbarrow during loading and unloading. The standard platform body measures 48in. by 30in., but the manufacturers, Auto-Trailers, Limited, of Coach and Horses Yard, Old Burlington Street, are prepared to make special platforms to suit any requirements.

ITEMS.

There is no firm in the motor accessory trade more prolific of useful novelties than Messrs. Brown Brothers, and their stand at Olympia was as interesting as ever to the motorist. A detailed description of their exhibits would cover practically every requirement of the motor user, from an electric lighting outfit to a sparking-plug washer, but mention may be made of their new tools for removing carbon deposit from piston-heads without dismantling the

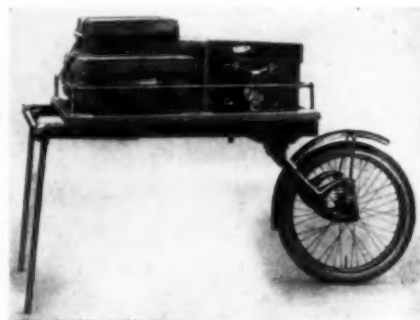
cylinders, the Sampson plug for mending punctures without the aid of rubber solution, the Brodt lighting dynamos, the Gabriel horn, one of the least offensive and most effective warning instruments on the market, and their well-known Autoclipse lamps and headlights. Another ingenious novelty is an auxiliary extra air inlet of simple design which can be fitted to almost any car with a minimum of expense.

In our comments in last week's COUNTRY LIFE on the coachwork at Olympia we drew attention to the growing practice of stowing the spare wheel between the framing of the rear seat and the rounded

outer shell of the body, and expressed the fear that in view of the difficulty of making doors that will not rattle it seemed possible that the device might prove a source of noise. The Lanchester Company, one of the firms who have adopted this system of spare wheel storage, inform us that by making the door more or less of spherical form and mounting it on hinges of a sound engineering design they believe they have overcome all risk of rattle. This belief is borne out by drastic road tests extending over three months. Moreover, two massive toggle clamps are used for locking the door, so that the door and framework are drawn tightly together.

At Olympia Messrs. Alldays and Onions exhibited a new light model which is listed at the low price of £165, complete with two-seated body. It has a four-cylinder engine, 59m.m. bore by 100m.m. stroke, and is rated at 10 h.p. The other Alldays models for 1914 are the 25—30 h.p., the 16—20 h.p. and the 12—14 h.p., examples of which were staged at Olympia. Only minor alterations have been made in the larger cars.

The *Austin Advocate* for November appears in a new cover of attractive design and with contents of as varied interest as usual. The *Austin Advocate* is now at the commencement of its third year, and has more than justified its existence as a brightly written monthly journal containing much to instruct, amuse and interest motorists in general and owners of Austin cars in particular.



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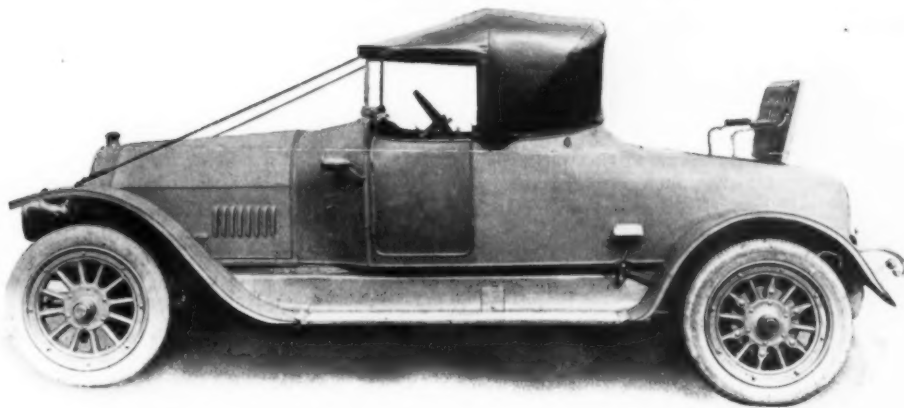


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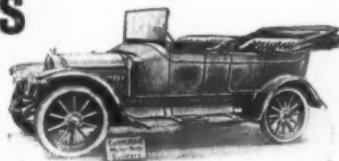
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COVERT SHOOTING SPOILT BY LEAF AND WEATHER.

W E are rather looking to our pheasants, which have done so well this year, to make us some amends for the comparative failure of the grouse, and for the general disappointment in regard to the partridges, but the weather seems to be conspiring with the leaf, which will continue clinging to the bough, to make the conditions of covert shooting rather difficult. Right up to the middle of November not only the oaks, which always keep their foliage screen the latest, but even the beeches were still dense with leaves, and that in spite of some high winds at about that date. They have had no frost to make the leaf stems brittle at the joint with the bough. Still, covert shoots, to which the guns have to be invited long beforehand, cannot well be put off. The result is rather disappointing, both to the guns and to the keeper. The latter has the additional trouble of a large stock of birds to look after considerably longer than if they had been closely killed off at the first shoot; the owner has the consolation of knowing that he ought to have a good lot of birds left for his second shoot.

PARTRIDGES GOOD IN PLACES.

Although it is, generally speaking, such a poor partridge year, we have a few reports coming in from this place and that which speak of specially favourable conditions. Down in Kent, near Dover, not far from where Kent coal is being excavated, and on land that is not regarded as being at all first class for the partridges, we hear of a bag of a hundred brace being made. The truth is that Kent in general is becoming much more of a partridge county than we used to consider it. The stock of the birds has been increasing largely and fairly steadily for some years now. The best bags we have heard of from Norfolk have been at Westacre, where they had some five hundred brace in two days' shooting, and would have raised this to seven hundred or so for three days had it not been that the weather turned villainously wet. That is, indeed, a very common lamentation, that the bad weather has spoilt sport. Now, if we consider the character of the soil in these and other exceptional instances of good partridge bags obtained in this generally unpromising year, we shall find that it is not of that very light and sandy kind which we usually associate with good partridge ground. The Westacre soil, for instance, is more holding, and of considerably greater agricultural value, than the very light stuff about Brandon and Thetford. The effect of that is, no doubt, that it holds rather more food for the partridges, which is of special value in a year of comparative drought.

WOUNDED PHEASANTS GOING TO RABBIT HOLES.

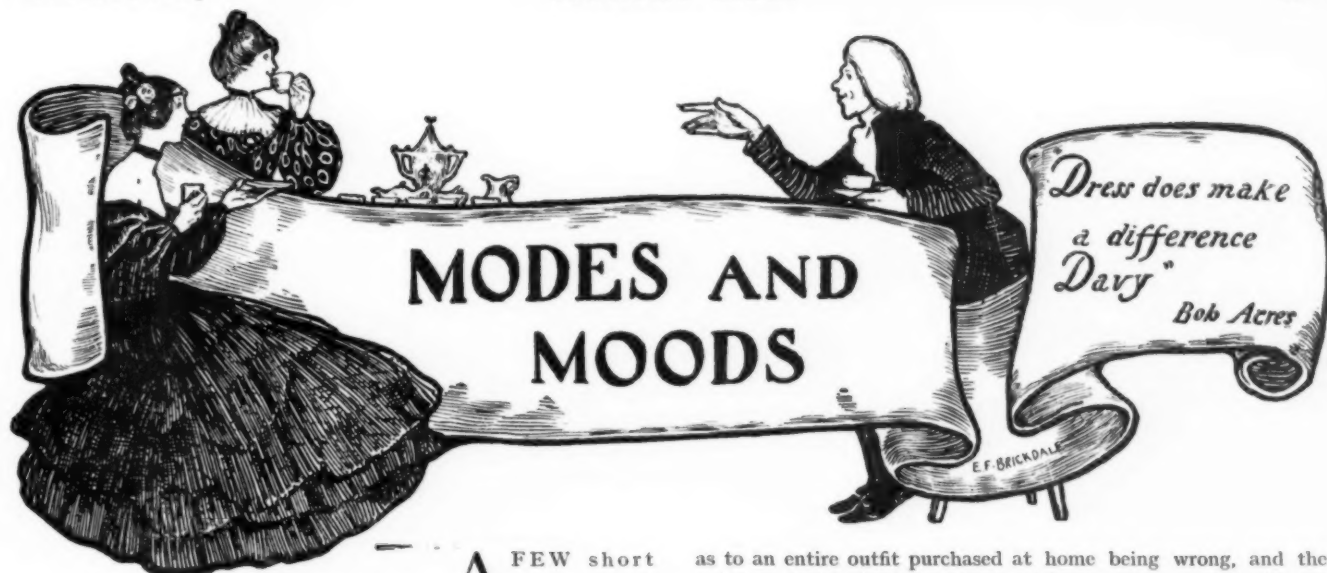
W E have received a communication, which is at once a note and a query, on the subject of the tendency of wounded pheasants to betake themselves to rabbit holes. Unfortunately, it comes to us in such a questionable shape as to create suspicion at the outset. The statement involved made a heavy draft on credulity. It comes from a keeper on an estate in Wales, where the pheasants fly very high. That is often, unfortunately, as much as to say that it is an estate on which a large number of the birds are hit, but do not fall at once to the shot, and go on to die a lingering death. There is no difficulty, for a tolerably good shot, in hitting birds passing at a great height directly overhead, but it is only by an accident, really, that they are killed—a pellet striking a vital part. One of the guns, shooting at this place in Wales last year, said to the keeper of one of the beats where the pheasants come notoriously high, "I suppose you pick up a great many, don't you, afterwards?" and the man's reply was, "Well, sir, I can hardly ferret the rabbit-holes, after the covert shooting is over, for the number of the pheasants that have gone into them and died there."

That is the statement, which seems rather large to swallow. The comment upon it of the shooter to whom it was made is that he finds it peculiarly difficult of belief—that the pheasants should die, in anything like the number that it supposes, in the rabbit holes—because, as he urges, it is the habit of birds, although they will seek shelter when wounded, to come out into the open when they die. That raises another interesting question: Is it really

true that this is an avine habit, or, at all events, a habit of the game-birds? He supports his view by witness taken about the grouse butts on his own moor. It is one of the best small moors in Scotland, and is very carefully looked after. The heather close around the butts is always burnt scrupulously close, so that as few birds as possible may be lost, and the owner is, moreover, particularly urgent with the keeper to pick up all around the butts very zealously. That practically means that it is virtually impossible for any birds lying at all in the open to escape being seen and gathered. Nevertheless, in spite of all these precautions, he finds it happen again and again that if he goes up with the keeper to a line of butts a day or two after the shooting over them, they will find three or four dead birds lying right out and uncovered. The only inference, as he thinks, is that they were wounded birds which had thrust themselves close into the heather, and so had escaped the pick-up, but that they had come out at the moment when they felt death imminent and so had been found as described. Certainly the alternative inference, that they had been dragged out after death from their place of concealment by some vermin, is not quite tenable, for in this case why should the same vermin not have preyed on them? Why not have left some mark on them? Why have dragged them thus far and no further? It is conceivable, again, that these were wounded birds which had come forth from their hiding to look for food or for water, and had been overtaken by death, in the open, in the course of their search.

Returning now to the pheasant down the rabbit-holes. Of course, if we do not accept the theory that birds come out into the open to die—and certainly we ought to have a little more evidence on the point before we concede it altogether—much of the difficulty of accepting the keeper's statement goes. It often resolves itself rather into a question of the possibility of crediting that the wounded pheasants, crawling into the holes, could conceivably be so many as to interfere in any practical degree with the ferreting of the rabbits. It is to be noted, in its bearing on this aspect of the case, that the estate is one on which a very large number—some fifteen thousand—pheasants are reared, and that, as aforesaid, they are driven from hanging coverts very high (sometimes out of gun-shot) over the heads of a very expert team of guns. It is the number of the birds, their great height in the air, and the ability of the guns to hit, though not to kill, them, that may account for a very large multitude of wounded birds. Whether it can account for so large a number as to amount to an appreciable interference with the ferreting, even if every single bird that was wounded went down a rabbit-hole and stayed there, is a question that may be asked, but no doubt if any great proportion really did seek the rabbit-holes they might bother the rabbit-killer if they stayed there to die. And would they so stay there?

Apart from the question whether it would be their tendency and their desire, after taking shelter in the rabbit-holes, to come forth from the holes when they felt death imminent, it has been pointed out to us that there are very practical difficulties in the way of a pheasant's finding his way out of a rabbit-hole, once he has gone down it, no matter how keenly he may desire to be out of it again. He is a long-bodied bird, and the rabbit-hole is a narrow tunnel. When he strives to turn round he must be much in the case of a long-bodied motor-car wishing to turn in a very narrow lane. There is not room for the operation. The car can generally progress along the lane until it comes to the proverbial turning, but there is no eventual turning in most rabbit-holes. Then if the bird attempts to back out he will find himself equally in a difficulty, because, for this movement, again, there is no space, and his feathers will be lying the wrong way, preventing him by pushing against the sides and top of the burrow. Therefore, it is quite likely that once he is in he often cannot get out. The pheasant is not a bird that can make itself at home in rabbit-holes, and go in and out of them like a red-legged partridge. However, it would be interesting to hear what the experience is of people in other places, about the wounded pheasants dying in the rabbit-holes. That is one point of interest, and another which this case raises touches the alleged disposition of wounded birds to come out of shelter to die. Both are points on which we should like to have further information.



A FEW short years back it would have

been impossible for anyone to write authoritatively as to what to buy and where to buy the really correct and comfortable attire for

Swiss sports. I am speaking, of course, as one of the general public. A certain percentage of English people, we all know, have been in the habit of making winter holiday there for very many years, but it is, frankly, only within a comparatively recent period that the big rush has set in. I who write can perfectly well recall how a lukewarm interest was all I could conjure up over the enthusiastic experiences of a party of girls who for their first trip had been at Villars. To my unsophisticated ear it all sounded far too strenuous and shivery to be considered seriously, while as for the stories about finding even a silk shirt too hot during the midday meal, well! one could only smile indulgently at such a piece of exaggeration. Consequently, with this spirit afloat, there was small chance of the few making much impress as to the dress required. Later enquiries have elicited the fact that a good deal of it was decidedly weird. In the very early days there was practically no provision in England; consequently, for the necessary caps, sweaters, scarves, boots, heavy woollen stockings, etc., reliance had to be placed on the village shop or Swiss sports bazaar. Then followed the first tentative effort to grapple with the question over here, an essay that emanated from quarters far more aspiring than intelligent. Many a sorry story have I had poured in my ear

as to an entire outfit purchased at home being wrong, and the subsequent chagrin at having to pick up some practical alternatives on the spot, frequently at an exorbitant price, and altogether lacking in elegance. For like motoring—indeed, it may be said any sport of late years—it has been found possible to ally a

smart appearance with practicability. And I am sure my assertion will be confirmed, that a girl never looks better than when arrayed in a latter-day ski-ing, tobogganing or skating suit, headgear in particular enhancing the effect of charm.

Well, now, what I have to do in the next few columns is to try to offer some really workable suggestions for a Swiss holiday outfit, suggestions that can be added to or taken from as individual fancy dictates. We will surmise that a month is to be spent at one of the more representative places, such as Mürren, Adelboden, Villars or Caux, and that a start is made just prior to Christmas. As always, when there is travelling to be faced, economy of weight is desirable. Therefore my initial suggestion towards the outfit is a neat, but at the same time smart, travelling suit. As modes go at present, probably ratine would prove the most successful choice, and, speaking from a purely personal standpoint, I should select either one of those jolly, strong shades of blue or beech brown. For style the coat should be fairly straight, with fronts closing up to the throat, that is finished by a close, cosy band of skunk or any other fur, a similar band adorning the cuffs of the sleeves, and a big muff completing a pleasing *tout ensemble*.

In this description, however, I have slightly overrun my



A SKI-ING COSTUME

ground, picturing to you the conventional garb adopted for an Alpine Sunday morning, when the English Church is visited. But, at the same time, this serves, as the fact I am wishful to point out is that, given the possession of one perfectly turned out tailor-made that just hits a pleasant mean between undue severity and undue smartness, any woman is perfectly well equipped for the journey by steamer and train, and likewise for Sunday. On occasions other than these, she will never dream of donning this suit. But as they are both rather obvious occasions, it is quite justifiable, if convenient, to acquire something a little out of the way, special and *chic*. For the journey, also, a very necessary adjunct is the warm wrap. Any existing long fur coat suffices,



FOR THE RINK.

provided always it be of some natural pelt, like musquash or pony, because this again can be made to serve two ends, namely, for the journey and subsequently as an evening wrap, when visits are paid, as is so frequently the case, to other hotels. Apart from the sea crossing and, perchance, during a drive at the end of the railway journey, this wrap will be scarcely required during the day. The trains *de luxe*, which seem to get more luxurious every year, are, if anything, overheated; and when a *wagon-lit* is indulged in, as of a fact it mostly is, the greatest possible comfort will be found in one of those very light-weight wadded dressing gowns. These fold into a quite reasonable compass, and may be stored away in the hold-all, while the rest of the toilet appurtenances can be contained in a

flat-topped hand motor case, with sufficient room in the well of the case to carry anything precious in the way of jewels, keys, etc. No woman who is travel-wise carries about with her, nowadays, one of the old big dressing-cases; anyway, not for a month's sojourn in Switzerland.

Now to proceed. We will take it that tobogganing, ski-ing and skating are the sports to be taken up. And in any case the costumes suitable for the first-named two are equally applicable to bobbing, lugeing and ski-jöring. As a matter of fact, one costume would serve for all the more strenuous pursuits, with another for skating. It is, frankly, merely a matter of ways and means. Of late years several absolutely waterproof cloths have been brought out that have been tested and proved up to the hilt. Consequently, as a basis of operations, a skirt of one or other of these stuffs is a *sine qua non*. And the ideal fashioning allows for a practical opening, either in the centre front or at the side, from waist to hem. Such a skirt, which for hard, practical service is always of some neutral shade, if supplemented by a sweater, a cashmere coat and, if the funds run to it, one of the smart tailored sports coats, would comprise a costume capable of seeing its wearer through a host of vicissitudes. Then, as an alternative, a whole suit might be selected in one of these waterproof fabrics, and by reason of that being, perhaps, the last thought in Swiss fashion attire, an example has been selected as the subject of our first picture. Assuming that this is of a warm dun shade, that touch of vivid colour which is so all-important a thing among the snow-clad mountains could be given by large scarlet buttons and a knitted cap, fitted with a draught-board check scarf. And just another plea for these specially devised fabrics. The fact that they are all smooth-surfaced is a great asset in their favour. The tyro in ski-ing, as is well known, spends quite as much of her time rolling about on the snow as on her skis, and woolly, rough-surfaced garments invariably gather up trophies of the fall or falls. Nor is any argument permitted as to the length of this stern sports skirt. Our artist has chosen to show it, buttoned in her sketch, in use, of course, it must be unbuttoned.

A word, however, before discussing leg and foot gear anent woven coats *versus* the more recently arrived tailored sports coats. There is no question at all but that a sharp rivalry is being run, the pioneers responsible for the latter averring that the woven jacket has outlasted its welcome; while the great firms who continue to bring out fresh diversities of the woven cashmere and silk coats scoff at the very idea of having reached the end of their resources. Now, far be it from me to draw invidious comparisons, and consequently, granting grace to both, each in its way being so eminently desirable, I would yet draw particular attention to the many seductive originalities that have lately come about in connection with woven fancies; the play made by the scarf, for example. Quite fifty, and I think that is a modest computation, of the new woven coats are supplemented by a scarf that can be worn, according to requirement, either round the waist, neck or cap. It is a charming accessory, with elements in it to bring about that touch of coquetry which never fails to appeal to the feminine mind. Almost invariably, it may be said, for tobogganing, ski-ing, etc., the woven cashmere coat is selected in preference to silk, the latter being reserved for the ice rinks, when in some brilliant colour it stands out with striking vividness against the snow. Every gradation of yellow figures in these woven coats, together with the rather more becoming rose hues, brick reds, crottels, etc. Sweaters are much seen on toboggans, and the latest style in these have V-shaped necks, round which a stripe is carried. They are slipped on over a soft shirt, and almost as easily and quickly removed as a coat. Where children are concerned, the sweater is infinitely the more preferable wear, and, as a matter of fact, it may in their case be looked upon as more or less *de rigueur*. Scarcely second in importance are the puttees. In any case, these are of a practical character, albeit they are oftentimes presented in brilliant colourings to harmonise either with the accompanying

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skirt or warm knickers. No one until they have personally experienced Switzerland and its sports can realise how cold it is possible for one's extremities to become. Women have been heard to say times out of number: "But I absolutely could not stand woollen stockings. They would drive me perfectly mad." Well! silk stockings can be worn under, and the cold on the heights will, if insufficiently clad in the nether limbs, have far more serious effect than a momentary sensation of skin irritability. Not one, but two pairs of woollen stockings are frequently advisable, then puttees over all and a pair of socks, the tops of which are turned over the tops of the boots. The feet of the socks are cut off by some people, their chief end being to keep the snow from creeping



DANCE FROCK WITH A CHIFFON WRAP.

down the tops of the boots. With the dressy sportswoman, enthralled by a desire to make a lasting impression upon her friends as a creature showing enterprise and taste, there is a particular fascination in having puttees, knickers and coat in some bright colour as contrast to a dark skirt.

Respecting boots and gloves. Although it is possible to manage on one pair of stout boots for the actual mountain long-distance sports, and another pair for the rinks, the wise contrive, by hook or by crook, to possess themselves of two of the former. Approximately the cost will be about three pounds, and one pair worn against another will help to see the owner through several seasons. In addition to their waterproof character, the feature of these boots lies in their size. The firms who make

a speciality of the build have fully recognised not only this important fact, but have, furthermore, worked out the proportions, so that anyone, when ordering a pair of Alpine boots, has merely to quote the size they ordinarily wear. This admirable forethought has been immensely appreciated, likewise the extremely neat finish accorded the models. Ski-shod feet are by no means the unsightly things they were. It is obvious, of course, that the best gloves are woollen gauntlets. At the same time, the actual importance of these wanes before a properly conducted coat sleeve that is either supplied with an adjustable strap or close-fitting cuff.

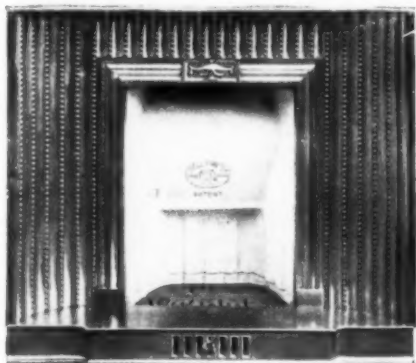
Now, as to shirts, that supremely important completing item of the correct sports toilette. In this season of soft limp models, it is possible to pack away a nice range of slips, and so obviate the necessity of repeatedly requisitioning the services of the laundresses, who in the height of the season are up to their eyes in work and exorbitant in their charges. A certain rival to washing silk has come along in *crêpe de Chine*, while a good third in the running is cotton *crêpon*. Doubtless the many will continue to adopt the moderately *décolleté* throat, the latter by this time having become immune to ordinary climatic conditions.

I have steered clear of the discussion of intimate underwear, because, as a matter of fact, it is unnecessary to make any drastic difference, so far as that is concerned, since it is easier to regulate the quality of warmth by outer habiliments, according to requirement. Tailored garments are often interlined with flannel; but a Shetland vest, or "woolly" as it is called, can never do any harm, and, like the much-vaunted paper vest, is light in weight and does not take up any room. And, before passing on to our next pictured subject, a skating dress, let me just bring the reminder how *gouties*, those rather unsightly but wholly comfortable overshoes, are a most necessary item of the equipment. Even should curling not be indulged in, they are so handy for slipping over one's boots on the way to the rink, or over evening shoes, should the already mentioned perambulation to a neighbouring hotel fall into the social scheme of things. Therefore, to the list never fail to add *gouties*. Of late years no part of a Swiss outfit has more increased in elegance than the skating costume, in which connection it will be well understood I am speaking exclusively of the smart dresser. Many still adhere, and will continue to do so, to a tweed skirt and shirt, whereas the others will perhaps be glad of our original suggestion for a velour *delaine* coat and skirt in a *tête de nègre* shade trimmed with skunk, while both coat and skirt are lined with a bright shade of orange silk, the latter showing forth again in cloth facings to the revers. It is a charming little suit, the tabbed treatment on the skirt allowing for an extra amount of freedom at the hem should any intricacies of the steps exact such. The band of fur there, I am bound to say, is a slight artistic licence; it makes for prettiness in the picture, though I am fain to admit a quite different complexion might be put upon it after a few descents on the ice. How much evening dress we shall take and of what character it shall be depends upon the place. A few preliminary enquiries from the hotel itself will be found helpful, as in some cases a *demi-toilette* will never under any circumstances be required; in others, social exigencies exact two at least. Of dance dresses not less than three are possible. An idea, however, is to make one of the latter of the adjustable order by adding one of the pretty little transparent coats, which practically transforms it *pro tem.* into what is known as a reception teagown. Also, with chilly mortals, well heated, in fact, frequently overheated, as are the Swiss hotels, there is necessarily a change of temperature on first going into a dining-room and towards the end of the dinner. So, working on these suppositions, we evolved the original design selected as the subject of the third picture. In response to one of the latest Parisian decrees, this extremely graceful little frock is fashioned of delicate rose blush pink *souple taffetas*—*taffetas* having stepped once again into the arena with *chameuse*—lace and fur. The lace petticoat has the appearance of being carried quite up to the waist, as a further glimpse is afforded of it by a slight parting of the *taffetas* at the left-hand side of the front. The effect is just as though the gathers had been drawn apart on either side. Perfectly charming, too, is the way in which the hem is draped up, the folds in the immediate centre forming a quasi box pleat, and the whole presumably held in place by a band of dark brown fur. Flat folds of the lace are carried over the shoulders, over a *décolletage* of flesh pink tulle, while thrust into the high folded *ceinture* are two deep Damask roses. Then, for the picturesque coatee there is requisitioned pink *ninon*, the edges hemmed round everywhere with a finger-depth of the same fur as is used on the gown, and the corners weighted with crystal and pearl tassels. The *chic* Memphis-tophelian feather worn in the hair again picks up the pink note, its spine accentuated by a graduated line of mock diamonds, and this is held in place on the head by a broad bandeau of silver metal ribbon.

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KIRBY GATE.

TO find one's self at Kirby Gate riding exactly the sort of horse for Leicestershire—for other virtues besides those of galloping and jumping are required of the horse for the Shires. He must have the pace of a race-horse, the courage of a good hunter (I know none greater) and the temper of a polo pony. He must only cock an ear enquiringly at motors, and not kick even though the horse behind nibbles at his tail. There are three miles or so of a lane up which the Kirby Gate field moves in a solid column until Gartree Hill is reached. If you look over the long, winding line it is like nothing so much as a straggling branch of blackberry bramble, when the berries are red and black. Looking round the field at Kirby Gate I am always struck with the way the same people return to Melton, and in this I include the ring of houses round the town which have grown up even in my own day. Our forefathers lived more in Melton itself, but it was then a village famous, if for anything, for its pork pies. It is now a busy and prosperous railway junction, but many of the hunting people migrated to the suburbs, where they built for themselves some snug hunting boxes. Melton, amid whatever changes, remains the best hunting centre in the world. Melton has a season which grows longer every year, and certainly lasts nowadays from October to April. Melton has its own society, the members of which are bound together more closely than other English societies. Many of the people have common memories, going back over twenty seasons and more of hunting. And the associations of the hunting field are closer ties than any others connected with sport. We regard our comrades of the hunting-field more as a soldier regards his brother officers than as we look at our acquaintances of the race-course, the polo ground or the cricket field. The common idea of Melton is that it is a place to which golden youth comes in its search for experience and from which it retires after a few years. But this is not the truth. Once a man comes to Melton he stays there, or, rather, returns each hunting season. It is astonishing how well men ride to hounds year after year. The modern man of the Shires perfects his judgment and retains his nerve much longer than his predecessors. Staying power in the Shires is nowadays very much a matter of purse and health. The pack of to-day in the Quorn country are very keen, and the entry, notably those by Mr. Wroughton's Guardsmen, are doing particularly well in their work. Captain Forester mounts himself and his men well, and the two young whippers-in—N. Capell and Dick Thatcher—are shaping excellently. It was not an ideal day; there were showers and the atmosphere was thick and rather muggy. The foot-people were not daunted. In Gartree Hill Covert there were two brace. One brace broke at once, a cub was killed, and then at last a fox slipped out at the bottom end. Hounds spoke freely as soon as they were in the open, drove fairly hard through the Lake Plantation, went up towards Burrough Wood, and then turned back into the Punch Bowl. The fox meant to go back to Gartree, but for a fox in Leicestershire there is no return. He gained or scent failed, and it was comparatively slow work over the Burton Flats to Burton Village, beyond which the line was very faint. This fox meant well, but he was headed and bothered, and this hindered the pack, since he never made any of his points. The fences were blind, but not so bad as they might be. The rest of the day was disappointing, there was little scent, and, perhaps, because of this foxes were not easy to find.

THE BELVOIR GALLOP ON WEDNESDAY.

This was a good hunt and will take a high place in the season's record. The fixture was Thorpe Arnold. The covert was Burbage's, a small place at the point where three Hunts meet. It is barely a mile from Melton, but is protected by the river, which can, however, be easily crossed by a handy ford. The keen spirits hold themselves in readiness for this if a fox crosses the river. If he does this, and it is not seldom that all other lines are barred to him, the best of the Quorn or Cottesmore lie before us. There was more than one fox in the covert, and the body of the pack were still hunting when a fox swam the stream with two couple of hounds after him. The new huntsman is quick; the whippers-in did their work well. The pack came to their huntsman's voice and horn, and when they overtook their leaders settled down to race. For about ten minutes it was almost a steeplechase to keep with hounds. They flew past Felstead's Spinney, though wide of it. The fox turned for Wild's Lodge Spinney. The pack hesitated—it was scarcely a check. Possibly there was another line. They kept horses galloping, but they were hunting now, always driving on and making the most of the scent. On the road beyond the spinney hounds hesitated again, but Woodward held them forward, and on the grass they took up the running again. Most people



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thought Gartree Hill was the point, but hounds passed this covert on the left. There was never a moment to take a pull, though, and horses had settled into their stride and men into their places. The fences are always strong here and look in their autumn blackness stiffer even than they are, and as to the width of the ditches there is no question. Woodward was close to his hounds with his eyes on them, and ready to hold them over if necessary; but hounds, though hovering now and then, were able to hunt on and on. The village of Great Dalby was left on the right and the railway crossed below the station. Again hounds wavered a little, but being put right they ran on. Each of these hesitations cost them something, and the fox was going on, so that as Thorpe Trussells and Ashby were left they were not on quite such good terms with their fox, and they lost him near Gaddesby, the fox travelling on. He must have been a wonderful fox to hold on up-wind for so long and at such a pace, and one asks one's self if there were not two. If so, no one, perhaps not even the huntsman, could say when the change took place. It must have been a good scenting day, for the fox was always well in front. There was not a halloo from start to finish. Is it possible that the Burbage fox went on to Berry Gorse, and that when hounds hovered there they hit a fresh line? It was also possible that the fox was in Barkby Holt or some neighbouring covert before the hounds reached Gaddesby, where they were run out of scent.

MR. FERNIE'S.

Gumley Hall is one of Leicestershire's historic hunting houses, and is the traditional opening meet of Mr. Fernie's hounds. The red brick hall (homely rather than stately), the hospitable lawn in front and the coverts almost in the garden beyond the ornamental lake, which is so picturesque a feature from the drawing-room windows at the back of the house, make a series of pictures of English country life and hunting which cannot be beaten for attractiveness. Mr. Fernie's hounds hunt the old South Quorn, and with one of the best Masters and the most capable of huntsmen the average of sport is as high in this country as anywhere. One feature of this year's opening was the number of foreign sportsmen who collected there. The Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Countess Zia Torby, Count Huberstein, Count Hochberg, Countess Wrangel and Baron C. de V. Biss were all present. Captain Schofield, Colonel Chaplin, Mrs. McKenzie, Sir H. de Trafford, Mr. J. T. Mills, Mr. H. Mills, Mr. Rokeby, Miss Naylor, Mr. J. W. Logan, Mrs. Mark Firth, Mr. and Mrs. H. Baillie, Major McKie, Colonel Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Smith and their son and daughter were a few among many of those whose faces and names are familiar in High Leicestershire. The dog hounds, full of Belvoir blood, looked well as they went to draw Gumley Wood. This is not Kirby Gate, but, still, everyone in the villages of Gumley and Foxton was out and a fox had many chances of being headed. It was a day for foot-people. A fox crossed the road and ran a wide ring by Loughton Village, Smeeton Gorse, Debdale, and Gumley again. Once more he broke as if for Foxton, but he was headed back again, and died on the lawn of Gumley House. Later in the day the pack trotted off to John Ball, and when they go thither everyone knows that the serious business of the opening day begins. The crowd is left behind; the fields are fairly clear. The hounds found a fox in the famous covert and went over the road. There are here beautiful wide pastures. You can see the whole country laid out before you from the top of Jane Ball—the wide grass fields and the fences which, when you come close to them, look so big and yet are practicable. As hounds ran, by way of Buntingthorpe, it is a pleasant ride. On this occasion they came to Walton Holt, and on from there by the familiar line to Kilworth Sticks, where the hunt and the day ended.

THE CATTISTOCK.

Captain Palmer, the new Master of the Cattistock, was taking his turn with the horn when the hounds went to Uperne. They drew the wood, a well-known and beautiful covert lying in a cup-shaped hollow of the downs, affording most excellent lying for foxes. All round is high ground, chiefly grass, and when a fox breaks there is every chance for the field to get away on good terms. There are generally plenty of foxes in Uperne Wood, and it takes a little time for hounds to scatter the foxes. When, however, a fox does go away, there is certainly a good run, and so it was last Thursday. When at length Captain Palmer and his hounds got away, the fox took an excellent line along the high ground to Red Post, then to Up-Sydling and down into the vale, where they killed him. It was a day of luck, for as the pack were trotting back a fox sprang up, and the hounds, starting on good terms, raced past Minterne, and then, after a brilliant twenty minutes without a check, killed him close to the Giant's Head.

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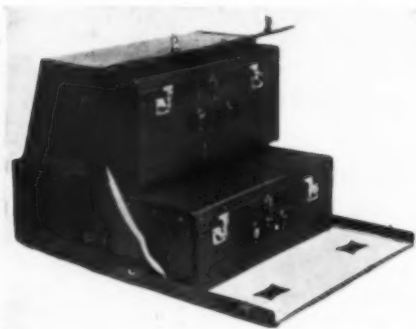
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A DUSTPROOF GRID TRUNK.

smothered trunk into the house. Messrs. Pound have specialised in motor luggage of all kinds with great success, and have a number of excellent designs in grid, foot-board and roof trunks. Moreover, being the actual makers, they are always ready to construct any special shape in any material, while their own designs can be had in a variety of coverings, and coloured to match the car if required. Nor have they confined their attention wholly to outside equipment. Among smaller conveniences they have devised an admirable footstool luncheon and tea case, light, strong and thoroughly and compactly equipped, while their ordinary shaped baskets range from a tiny wicker tea basket for two upwards. Dressing cases include some special flat shapes for the car, despatch cases with removable fittings, which may be used empty, ladies' light dressing bags and many other conveniences which space forbids us to enumerate, but which are illustrated in the travel and motor booklets obtainable on application.

A Marvellous Invention. ALTHOUGH we take the wonderful powers of the telescope and the microscope very much as a matter of course, the uses to which they are applied are so divergent that few people would imagine it possible to combine the two in a single instrument. Yet this has been done, and it is now possible to obtain an apparatus which, as a telescope, will give a magnification of forty-five to fifty diameters at any distance from four feet to the moon, while its powers as a microscope are equally great. Thus, on the one hand, it may be used for the intimate study of minute insect and plant life or for examination of pests and diseases in orchard and woodland trees, etc., while on the other, it is a perfect terrestrial glass and an astronomical telescope, with the help of which it is possible to study perfectly not only the stars themselves, but also

astronomical photographs, for which a special view box is constructed. Moreover, in conjunction with a special camera, it can be used for both microphotography and telephotography. The name of this wonderful invention is the "Davon" Micro-Telescope, and a brochure descriptive of its extraordinary powers can be obtained from the makers, Messrs. F. Davidson and Co., opticians, 29, Great Portland Street, W.

Plasmon, Limited. AT the annual general meeting of International Plasmon, Limited, a dividend of six per cent., making ten per cent. for the year, was declared on the ordinary shares, the amount carried forward being £2,506 12s. 1d. In his speech, the managing director referred to the increasing interest which is being taken in Plasmon preparations by food specialists and medical men, many of whom regularly use Plasmon Cocoa and Plasmon Oats on their own breakfast tables, and recommend them, therefore, from personal experience of their valuable qualities.

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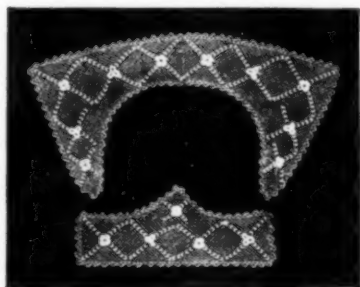


A NEW MOTOR COAT.

leather or fleecy lining is generally added so as to increase its adaptability to all-the-year-round uses, and render it one of the most practical and comfortable garments of the kind that have yet appeared. Further particulars and patterns, etc., may be obtained from the makers at 51, Conduit Street, W.

Irish Linens and Laces. THE arrival of an illustrated price-list of linen goods, embroideries, laces, etc., from Messrs. Murphy and Orr of 18, Donegall Street, Belfast, introduces a subject of great importance to the housewife; for, whatever our opinion

of Irish politics may be, there can be no two ways of thinking about Irish damask. The flax grown in Ulster is the best in the world, finest in texture and longest and strongest in yarn, and out of this rural industry has arisen a manufacture with which no other nation can compete. The particular branch of it in which Messrs. Murphy and Orr specialise is damask table linen, with which for nearly a century they have maintained a leading place. Their stock is enormous, and having once bought from them, one can be practically sure of being able to renew the pattern if desired, a great advantage from the point of economy; while since every article is



AN IRISH CROCHET SET.

closely examined after bleaching, it is almost impossible for a flaw of any kind to pass unnoticed. This year they are introducing several new designs, among which we noted a beautiful cloth with an Empire wreath in a plain centre and a border of bold swags and ribbons that was most effective. Another had a striped centre and a border of fleur-de-lys laid on a wide band. A poppy design, with the foliage springing at intervals from the sides of the cloth, and the blossoms met in a ring in the centre, was very up to date, and there were several other lovely things at very reasonable prices. The hand-embroidered bed linen shows the same excellence of make and originality of design, the bedspreads especially displaying some most delicate work. The Irish crochet set which we illustrate gives little indication of the multiplicity of designs in this useful lace, which may be had in sets or in the piece with insertions to match; and there are, too, some exquisite designs in Irish point and Carrickmacross, both guipure and appliqué, and among the lesser lace and embroidered articles, such as d'oyleys, baby pillow cases for cot or pram, bags, sachets, handkerchiefs, etc., there are endless opportunities for Christmas presents.

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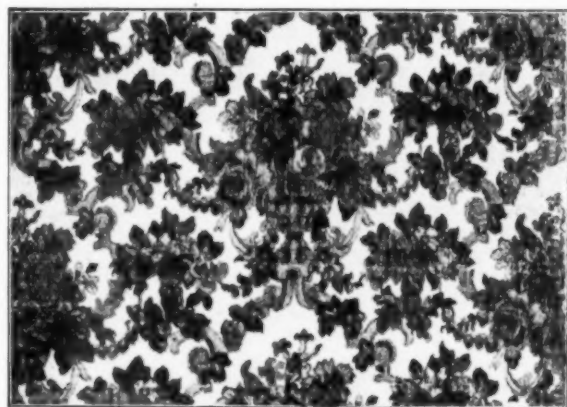
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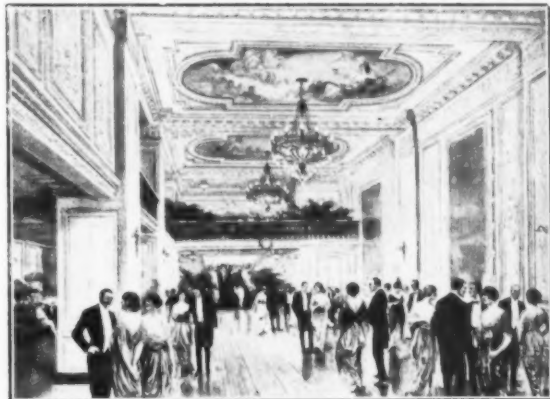
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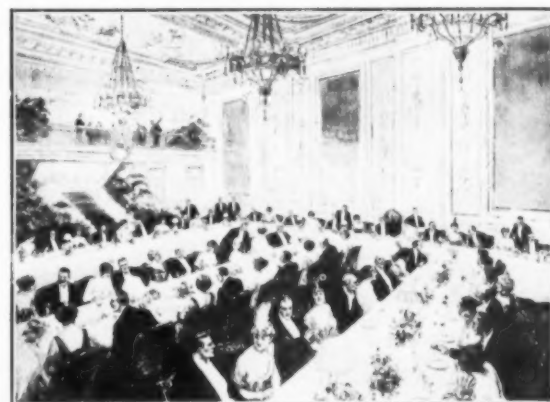
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THERE are many men who would gladly use a safety razor if they could accustom themselves to the entire change of form and methods of manipulation. What they want is something combining the "safety" principle with the form, set and action of the old implement. A cleverly constructed razor on this pattern will be found in the Durham-Duplex, which is really the old familiar razor brought up to date. Thanks to its shape, it still permits of that diagonal sweeping stroke which leaves a perfectly smooth surface, but, at the same time, has added features correcting the shortcomings of its prototype. In the first place, it is absolutely safe both in and out of use, and is made additionally so by being used flat on the face, with no angle whatever. It is far smoother, being used with a flat, gliding motion instead of scraping; the blades are interchangeable and double-edged, requiring very little stropping and yet adaptable to any kind of strop, while the double edge permits of up and down and left-hand use; and in addition to all this, a blade mounted in an attachment permits of its use as an ordinary open-blade razor. In ordinary use a single movement adjusts the blade, enabling the operator to obtain as close a shave as he desires, and rendering cleaning afterwards a speedy and simple business. Razors and

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A Dainty box of chocolates is a gift which every woman appreciates and which is always seasonable, though more so at Christmas time than any other. In choosing chocolates it should always be remembered that although the contents are of paramount importance, the case which holds them also counts, and if it can be applied to further use when its contents are exhausted the value and interest of the present are greatly enhanced. This fact has evidently been borne in mind by Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons of Bristol, whose confectionery for the forthcoming season are put up in a form which ensures their usefulness as well as their toothsome-ness. Among many novelties, for instance, mention must be made of a circular work-basket filled with the daintiest sweets and covered with a beautiful fluted gold tapestry, a locked jewel casket in Japanese oak carved with a fruit and foliage design, and another in lacquer charmingly patterned with irises and butterflies. Glove-boxes, vases and baskets of all kinds have been pressed into the service, and the smaller boxes, toys, etc., suitable for juvenile parties, are bewildering in their variety. The quality of Messrs. Fry's chocolate needs no mention here, but a splendid testimonial to it, in addition to all previous honours, is given in the fact that it has been selected for the use of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1914.

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ALTHOUGH the value of a "Thermos" flask from the traveller's point of view is now generally recognised, its wonderful convenience for and adaptability to domestic use are not appreciated as they ought to be. People are apt to regard their "Thermos" only as a travelling companion which may be called upon to provide a steaming hot meal or drink, or an ice-cold one as required at any time and under any circumstances, and on returning home be packed away with the rest of the travelling kit. But, as a matter of fact, its real value is most apparent in the house. In the nursery or the sick room the advantage of having food or liquid ready at the right temperature and at a moment's notice without the deterioration or odour attendant on "warming up," is obvious. With a "Thermos" it is possible to have morning tea the moment one wakes, no matter how early, and shaving water is at hand immediately. An admirable development of the flask which will appeal to people of unpunctual habits is the "Thermos" table jug, in which tea or coffee may be kept hot for several hours. For food the jar-shaped "Thermos" is useful, particularly for shooting lunches, picnics, motoring, etc., while it also makes an excellent ice-cream holder. The "Thermos" too, is being increasingly used by doctors, and business men. These appliances can be had in various materials from all jewellers, chemists, ironmongers, etc., while an illustrated catalogue and pamphlets are issued by the makers, Thermos Limited, 8, Long Lane, London, E.C.



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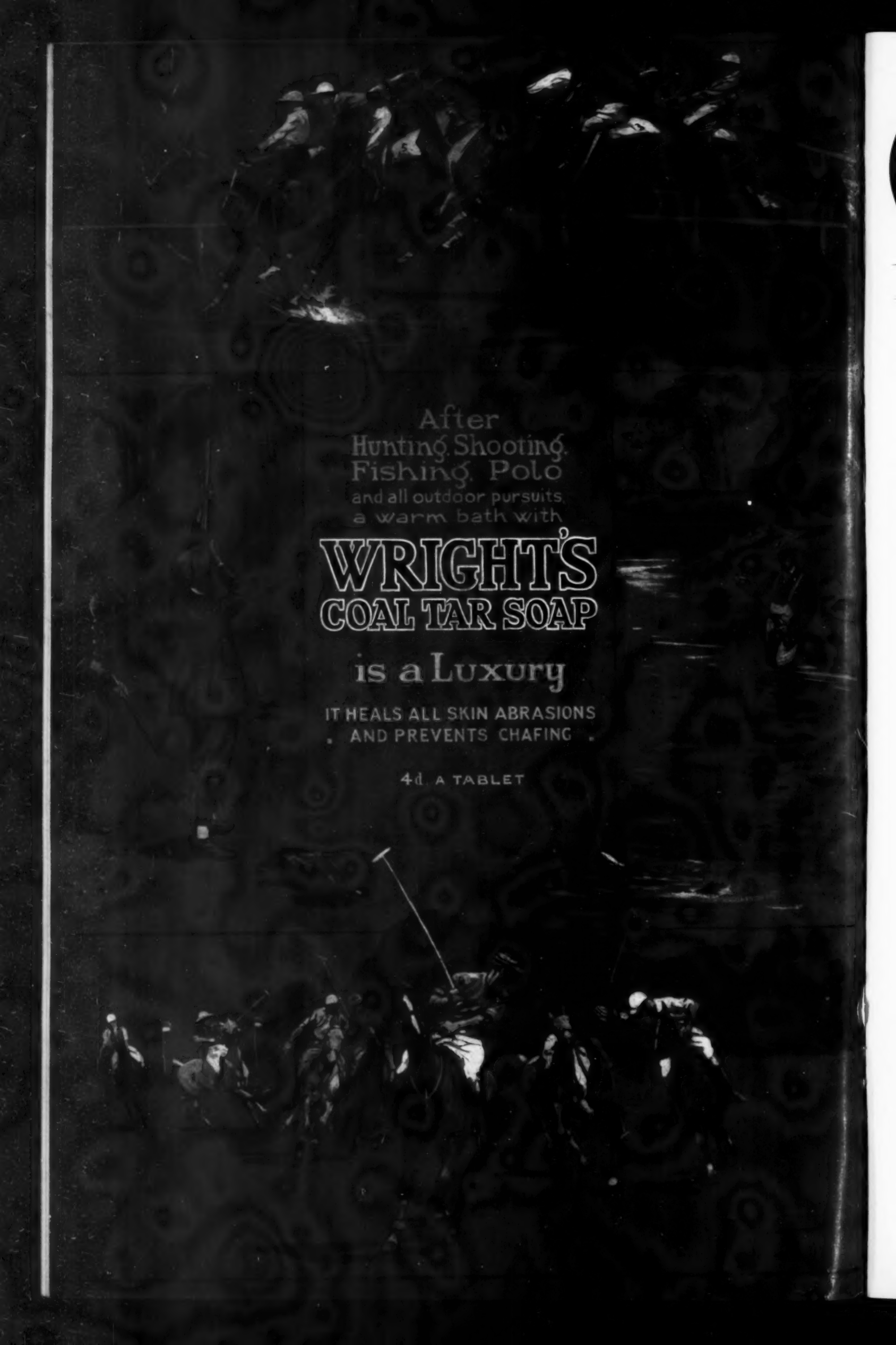
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